

OCTOBER
No. 85

SMASH COMICS

10

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.D.
10

MIDNIGHT
stymies a
**SINGING
SWINDLE!**

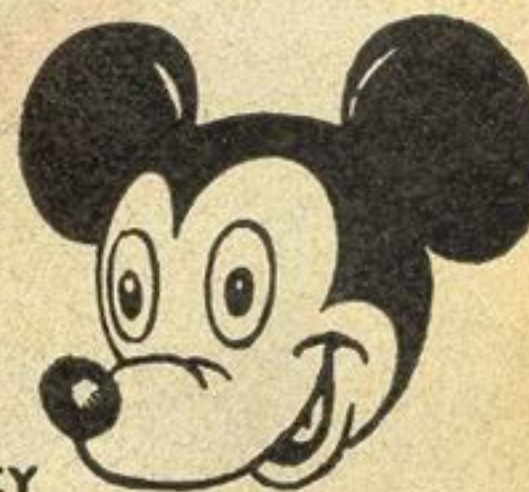




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS

CLOWN
\$2.95



MICKEY
MOUSE
\$3.95

(©Walt Disney
Prod.)



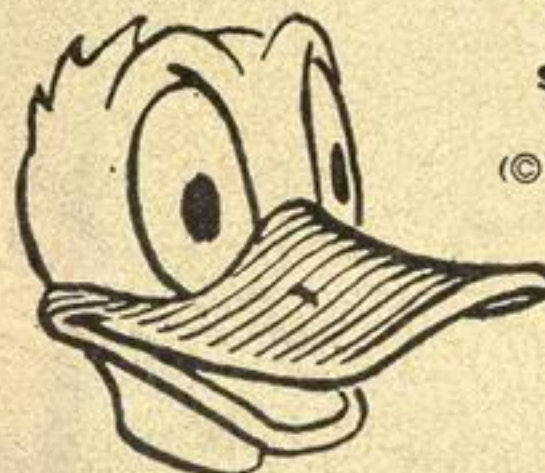
SATAN
\$2.95



Minstrel
(Black Face)
\$2.95

DONALD
DUCK
\$3.95

(©Walt Disney
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MASKS AVAILABLE

IDIOT MONKEY LADY KILLER
CLOWN OLD MAN OLD LADY 4 EYES
TRAMP SATAN BLACK FACE
MONSTER MAN SOPHISTICATED LADY
All masks above are \$2.95 each
MICKEY MOUSE MINNIE MOUSE
DONALD DUCK at \$3.95 each
Special Santa Claus at \$4.95

COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR
YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP
WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.

IT PULLS ON
OVER THE
HEAD LIKE
A DIVER'S
HELMET

NOW WATCH ME HAVE
SOME FUN WITH THE
GANG TONIGHT AT
THE MASQUERADE

BOY! WOULD
I HAVE FUN
WITH THAT
IDIOT'S FACE

YOU'RE
FUNNIER
WITH YOUR
OWN

THE MYSTERY
HALF-WIT
SURE HAS THE
GIRLS ALL AGOG

WHO IS HE
AND WHERE
DID HE GET
THAT MASK?

**SEND
NO MONEY!**

**RUSH
COUPON
NOW**

Just mail coupon. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced \$2.95 except Santa Claus (\$4.95) and Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and Donald Duck (at \$3.95 each). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All Masks guaranteed perfect

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, INC.

6044 Avondale Avenue, Dept. 53MX Chicago 31, Illinois

Rubber-For-Molds, Inc., 6044 Avondale Ave.,
Dept. 53MX Chicago 31, Ill.

Send me the Masks checked Below

- ☐ Idiot ☐ Monkey ☐ Lady Killer
☐ Clown ☐ Old Man ☐ Old Lady
☐ 4 Eyes ☐ Tramp ☐ Satan
☐ Black Face ☐ Monster Man
☐ Sophisticated Lady
☐ Mickey Mouse
☐ Minnie Mouse
☐ Donald Duck
☐ Santa Claus

- () Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage
() Ship postpaid, Payment in full enclosed herewith

NAME _____
(Print Plainly)
STREET _____
CITY _____ Zone _____ State _____

IDIOT . . \$2.95

Yes, here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

MONKEY \$2.95



MIDNIGHT

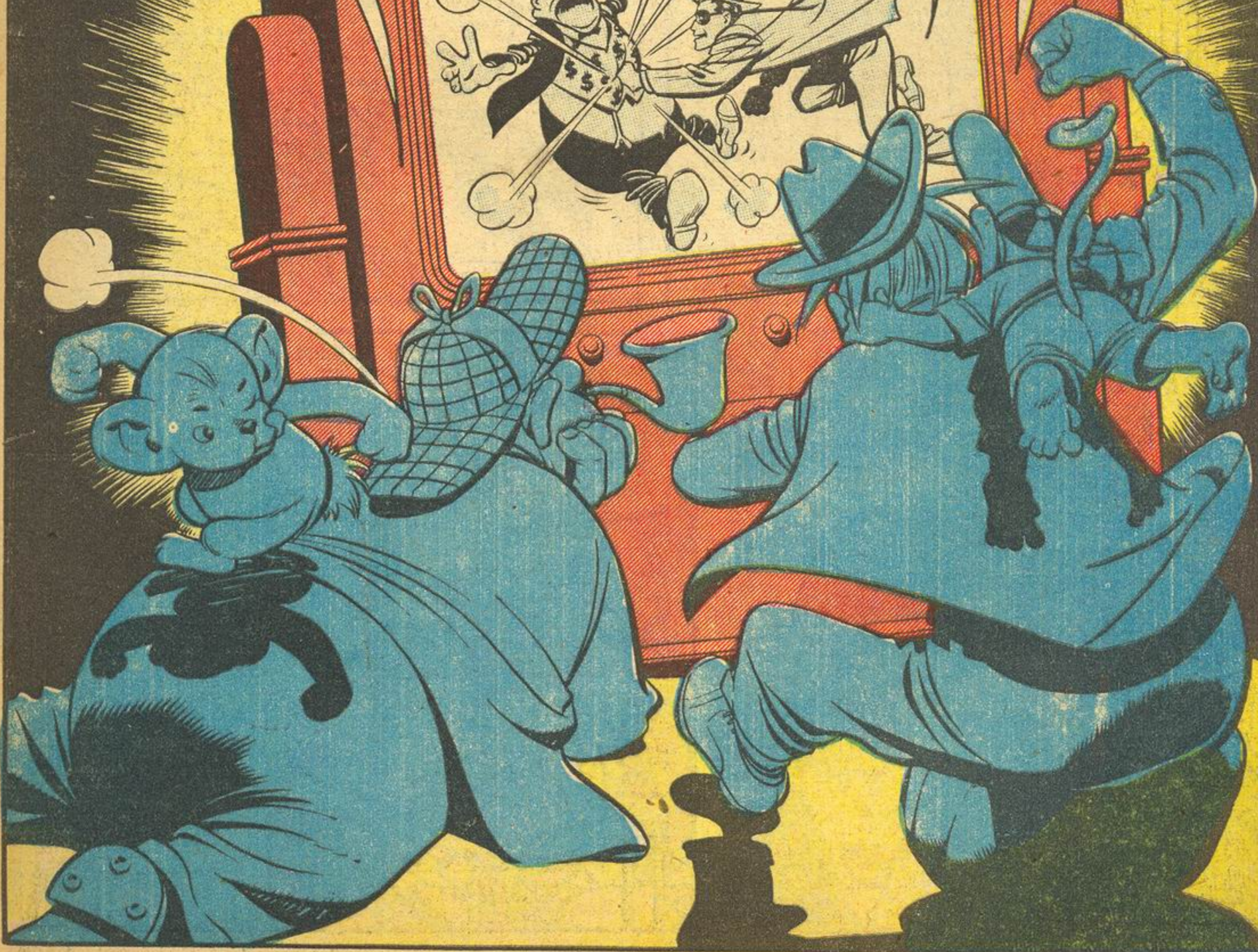


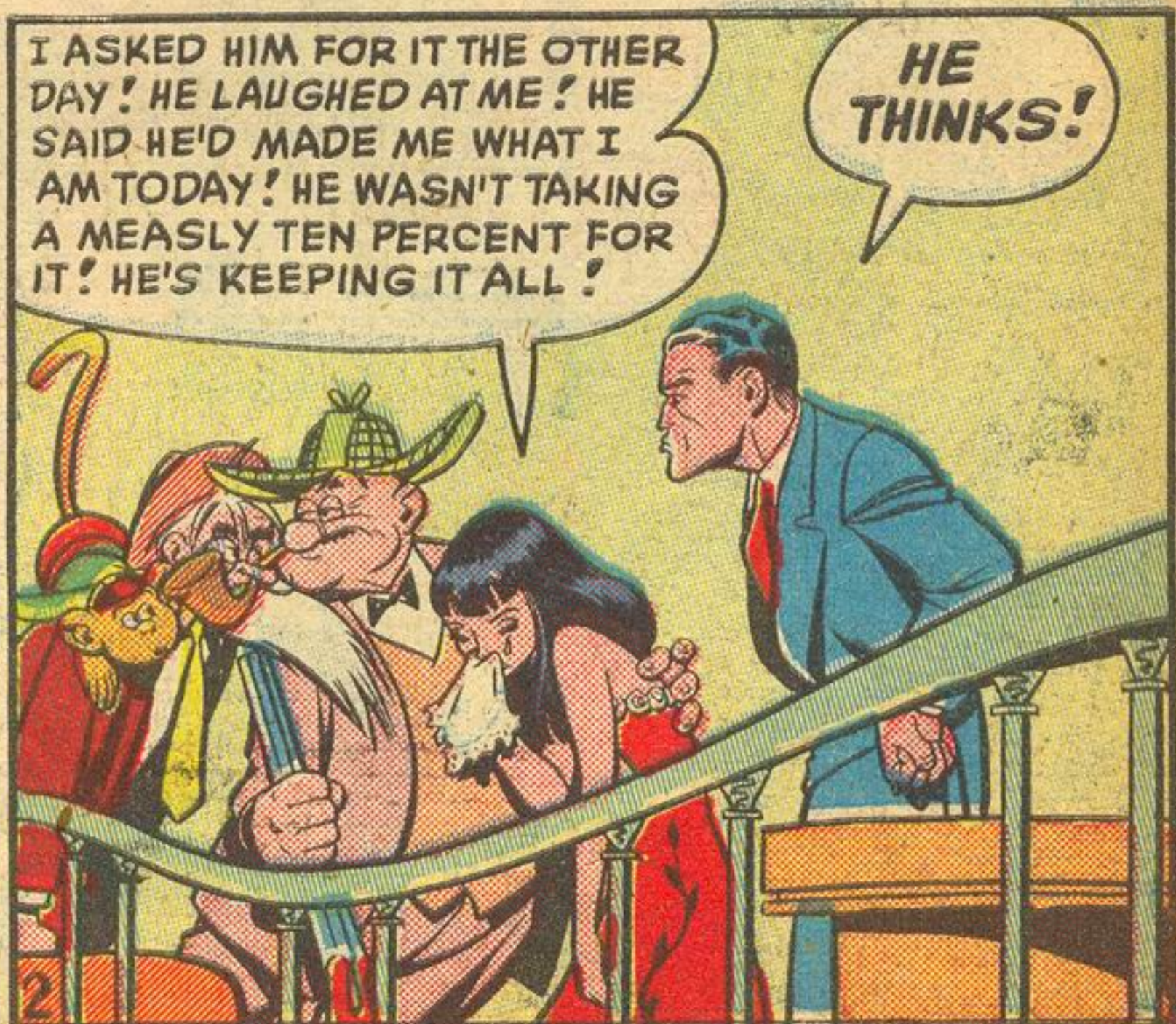
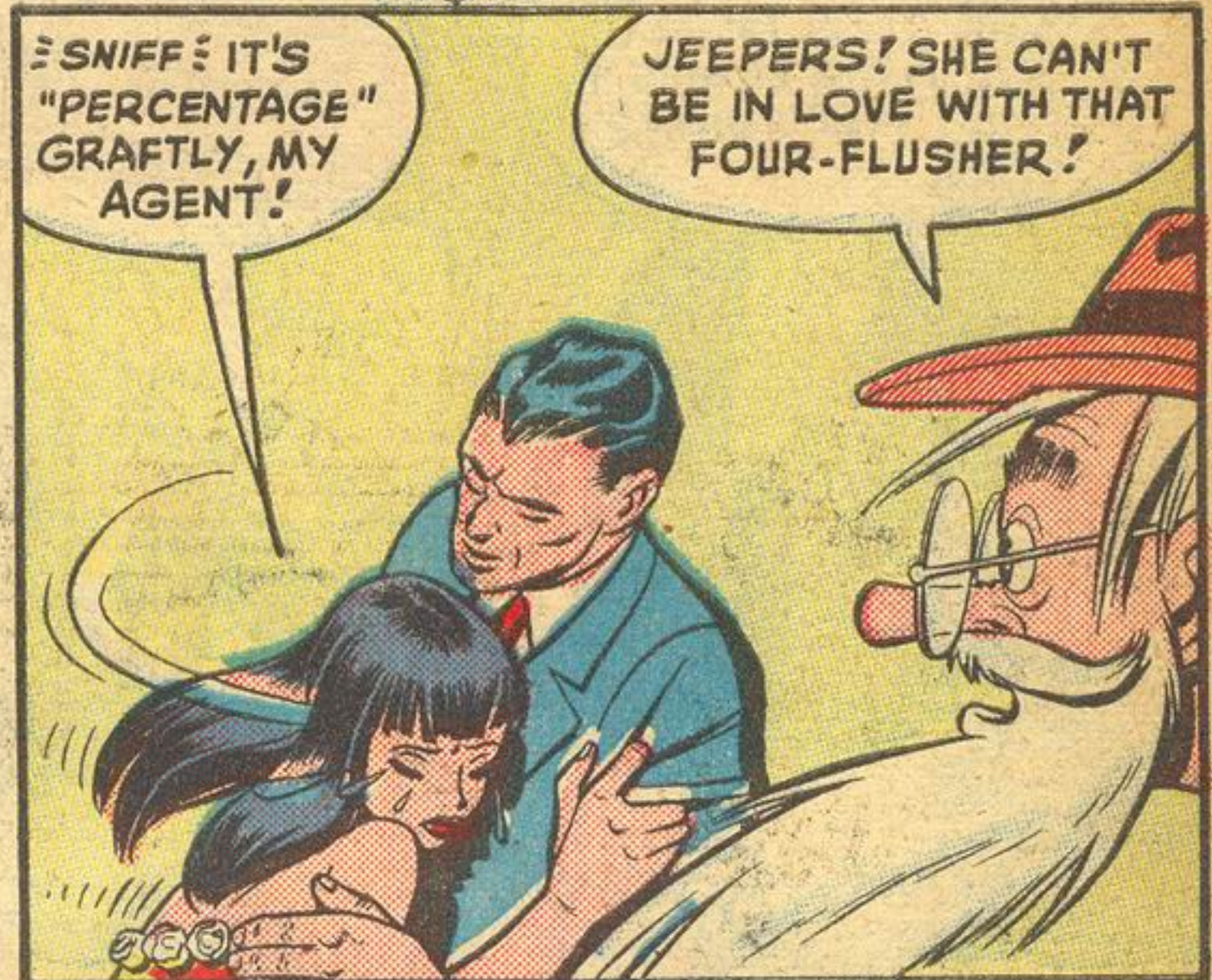
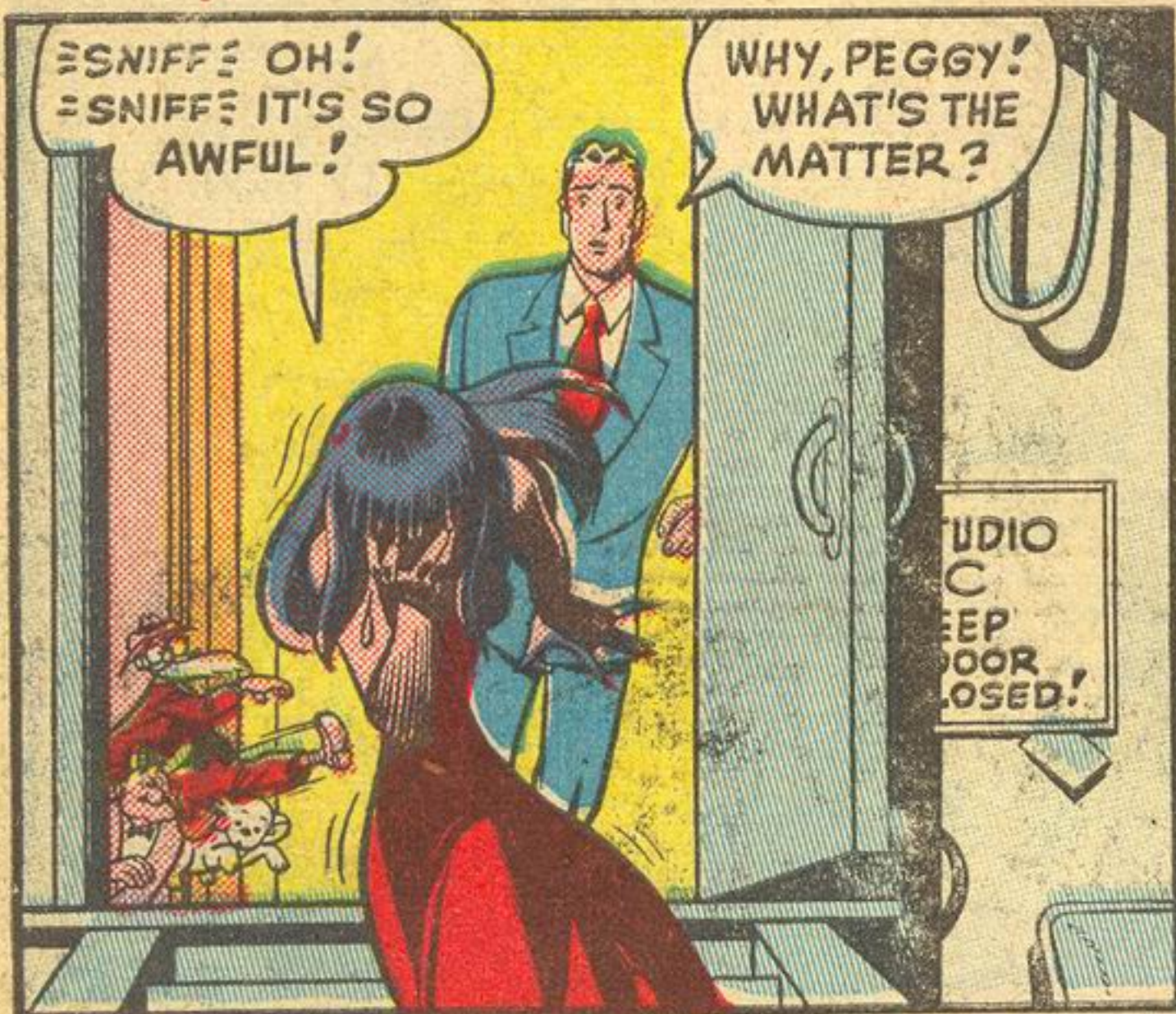
DO YOU
THINK THERE'S
A BIG FUTURE IN
TELEVISION?

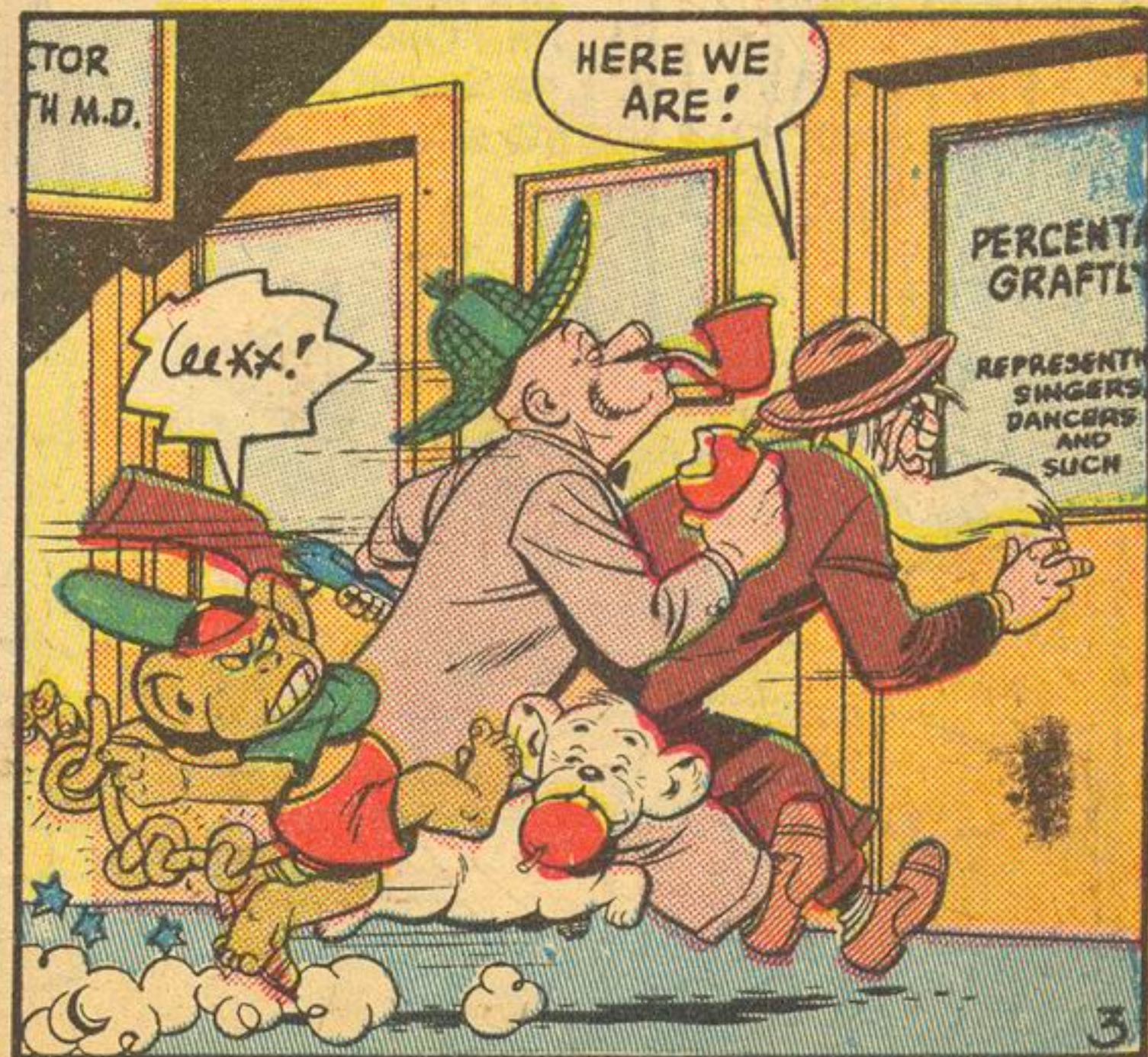
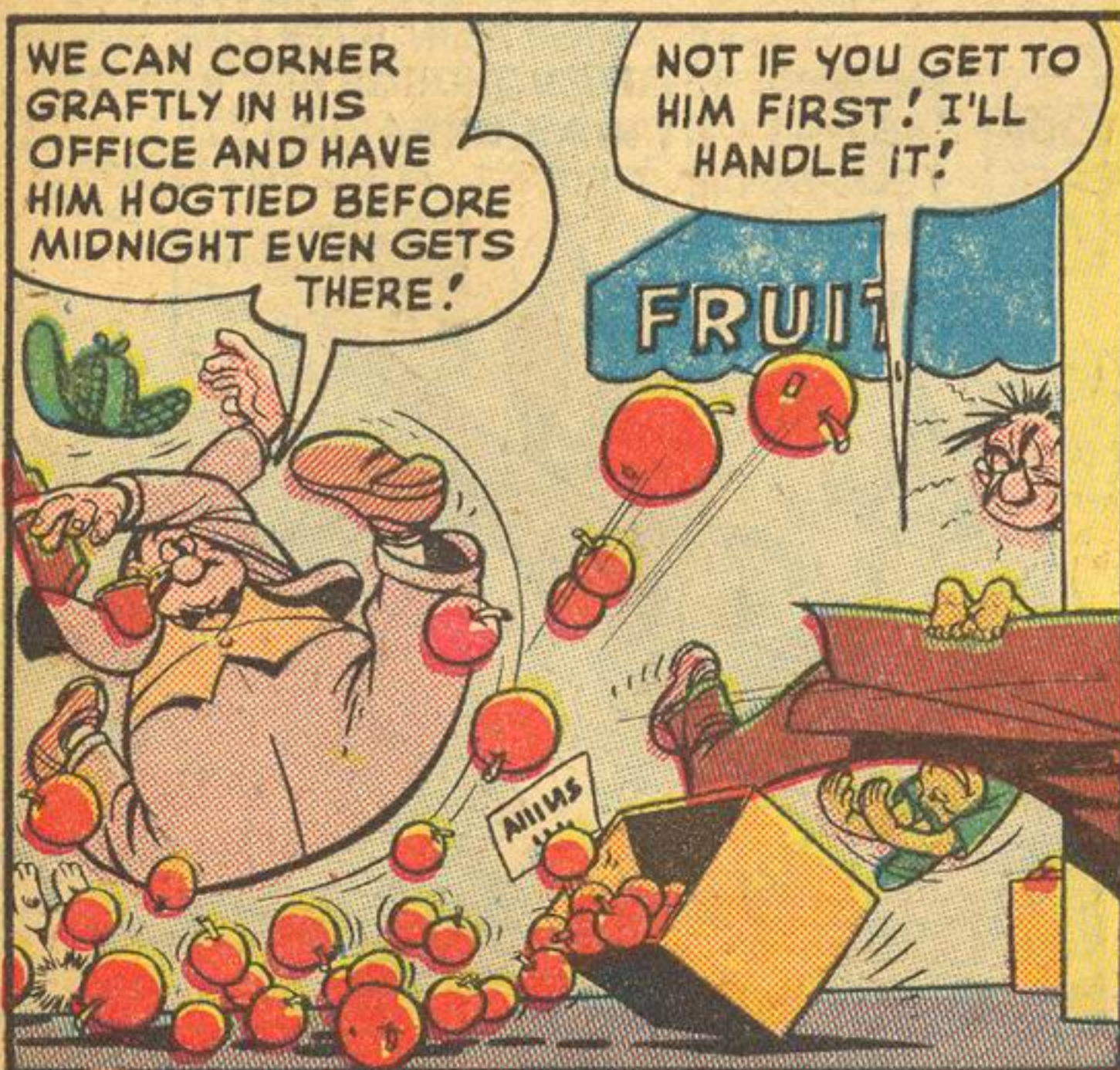
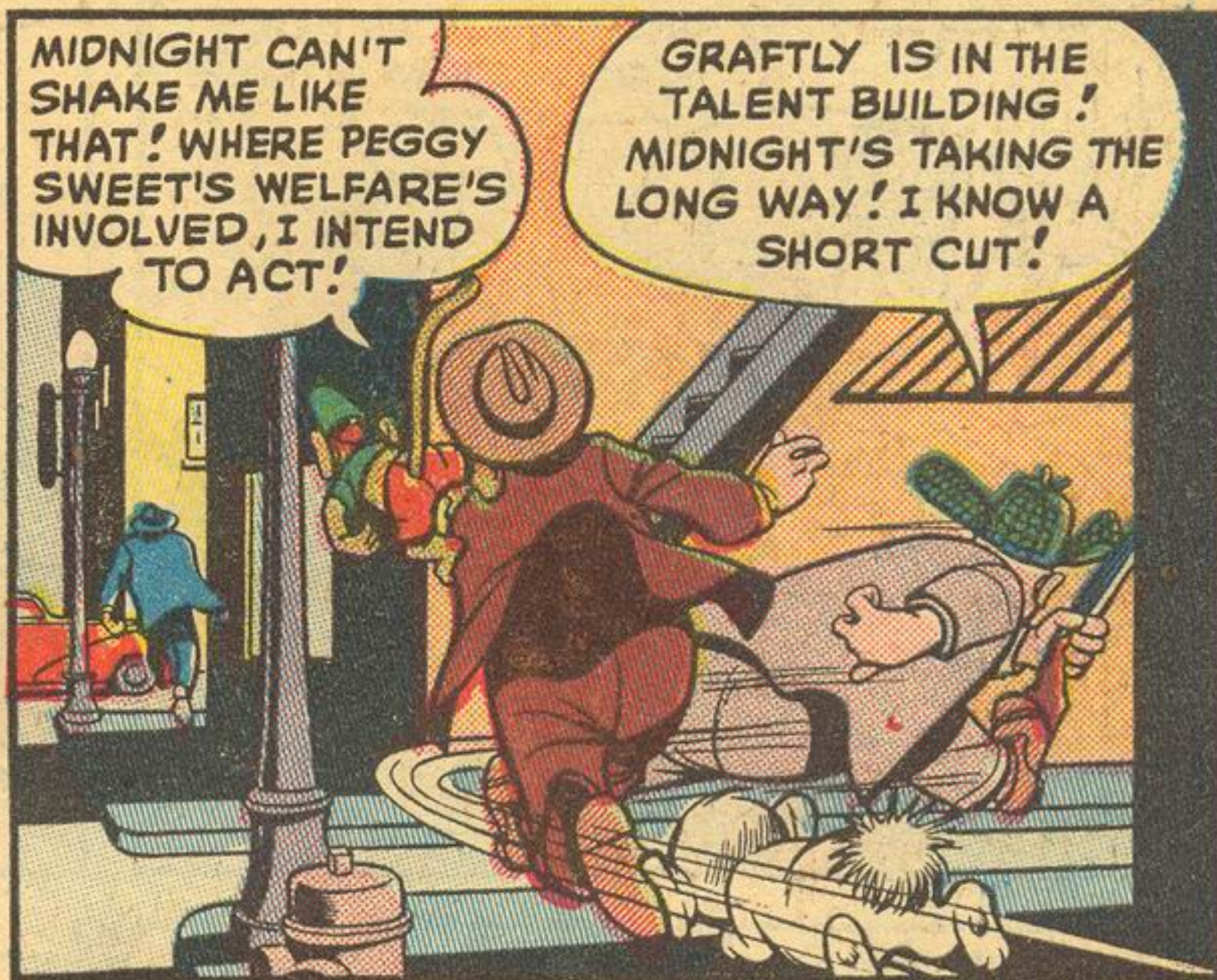
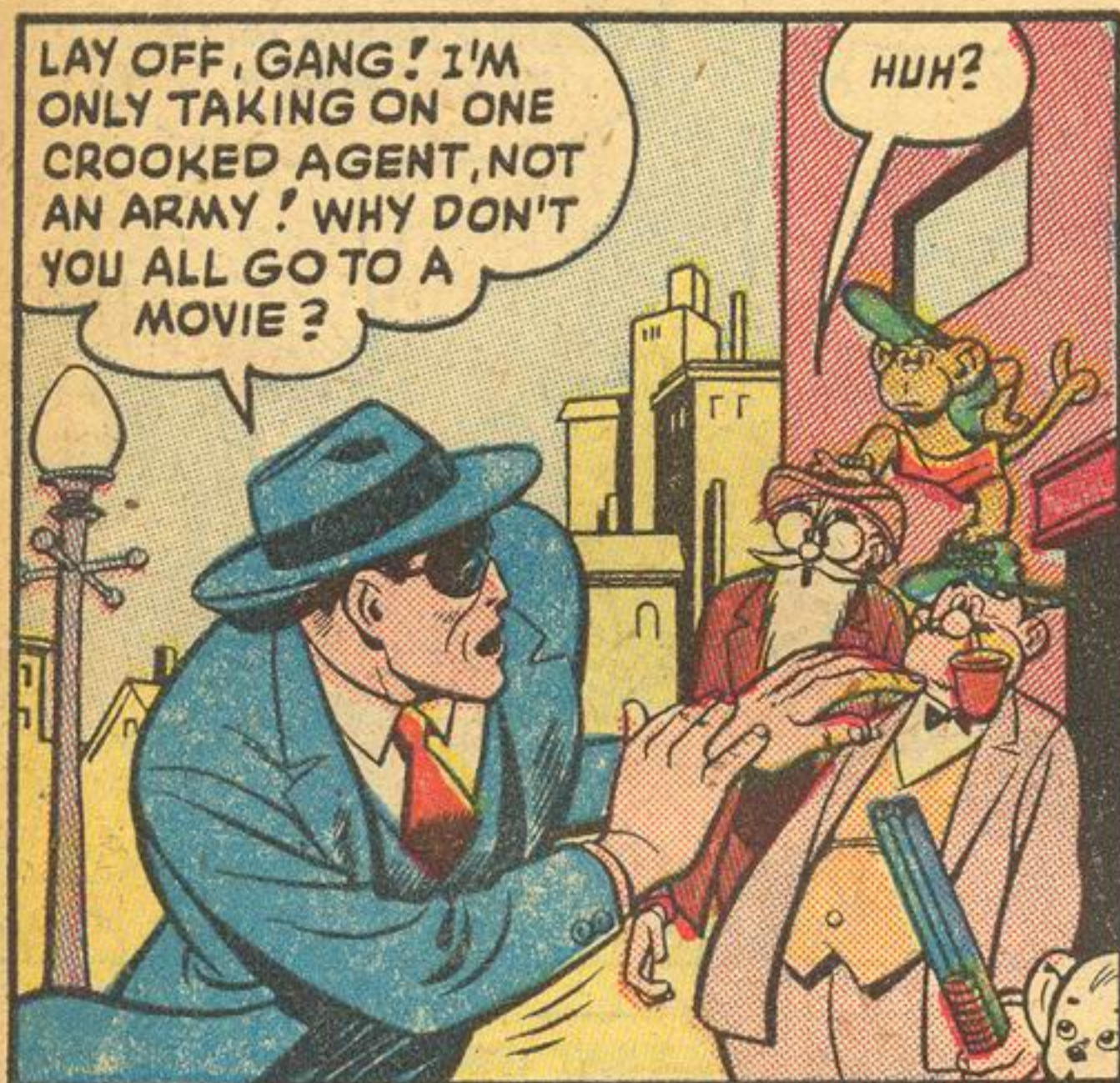
NOT IF YOU
BREAK INTO IT
BY TRYING TO
PUT ONE OVER
ON MIDNIGHT!

AS
"PERCENTAGE"
GRAFTLY SEEMS
TO BE FINDING
OUT!

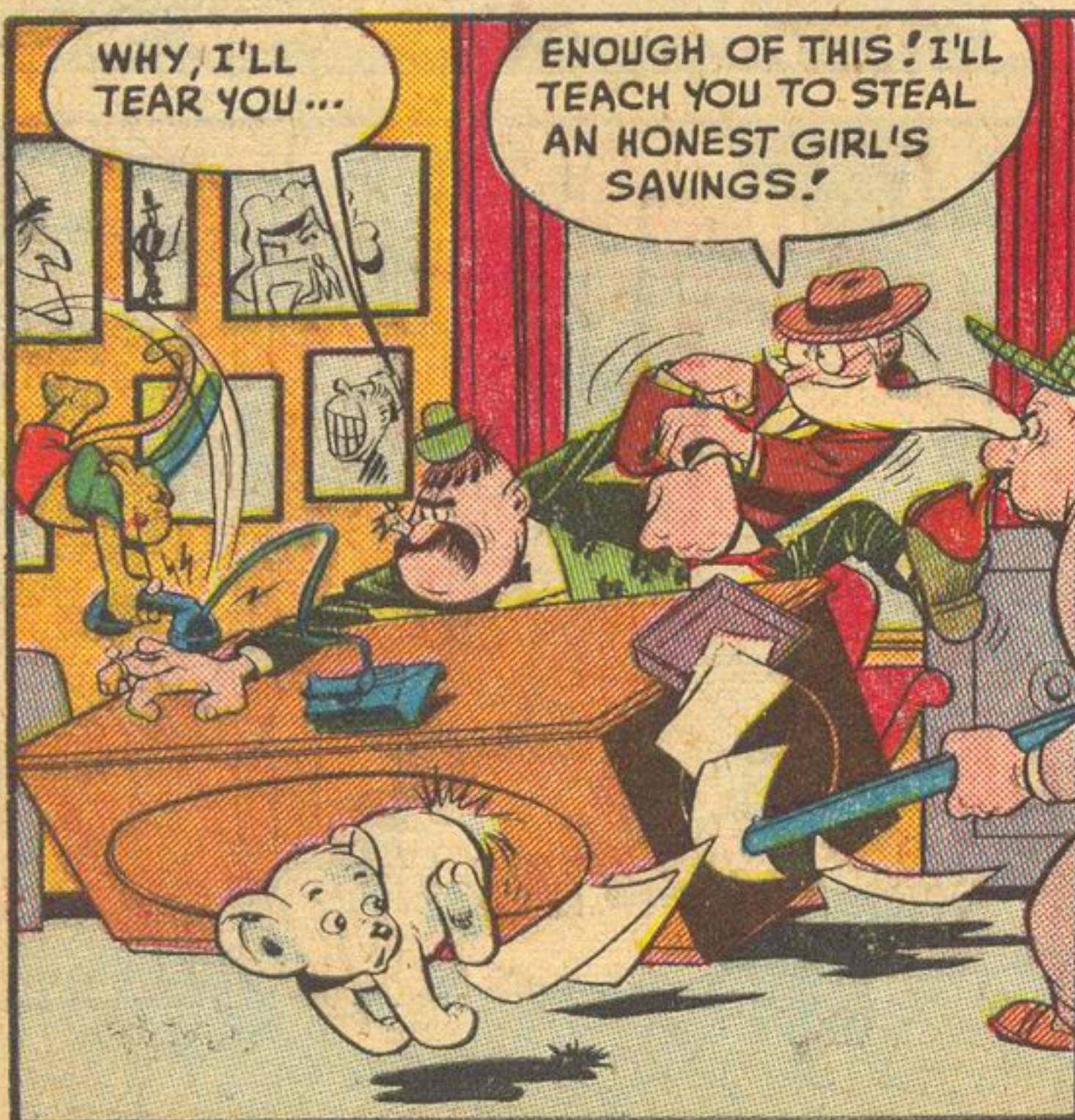
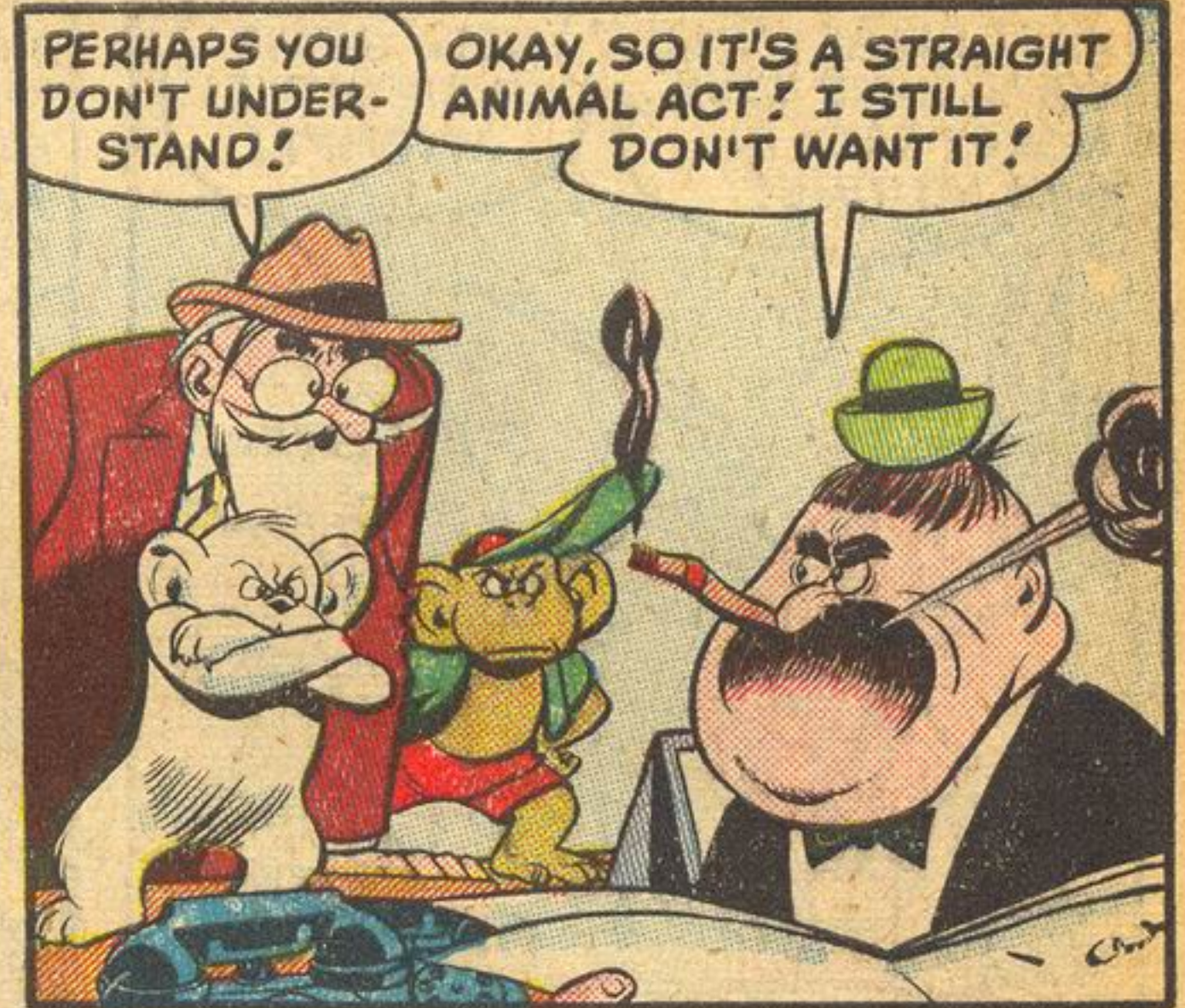
ACNE Television

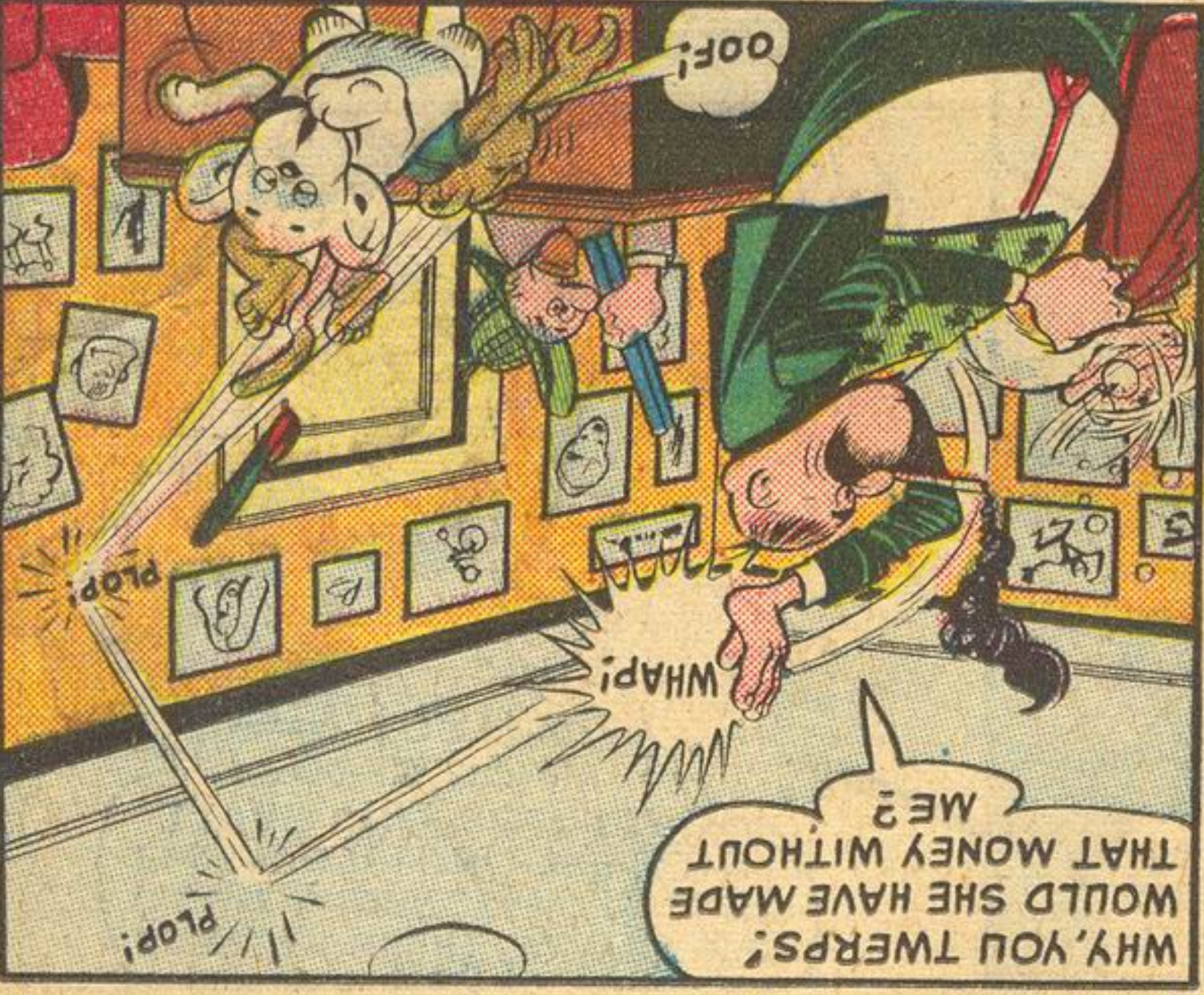
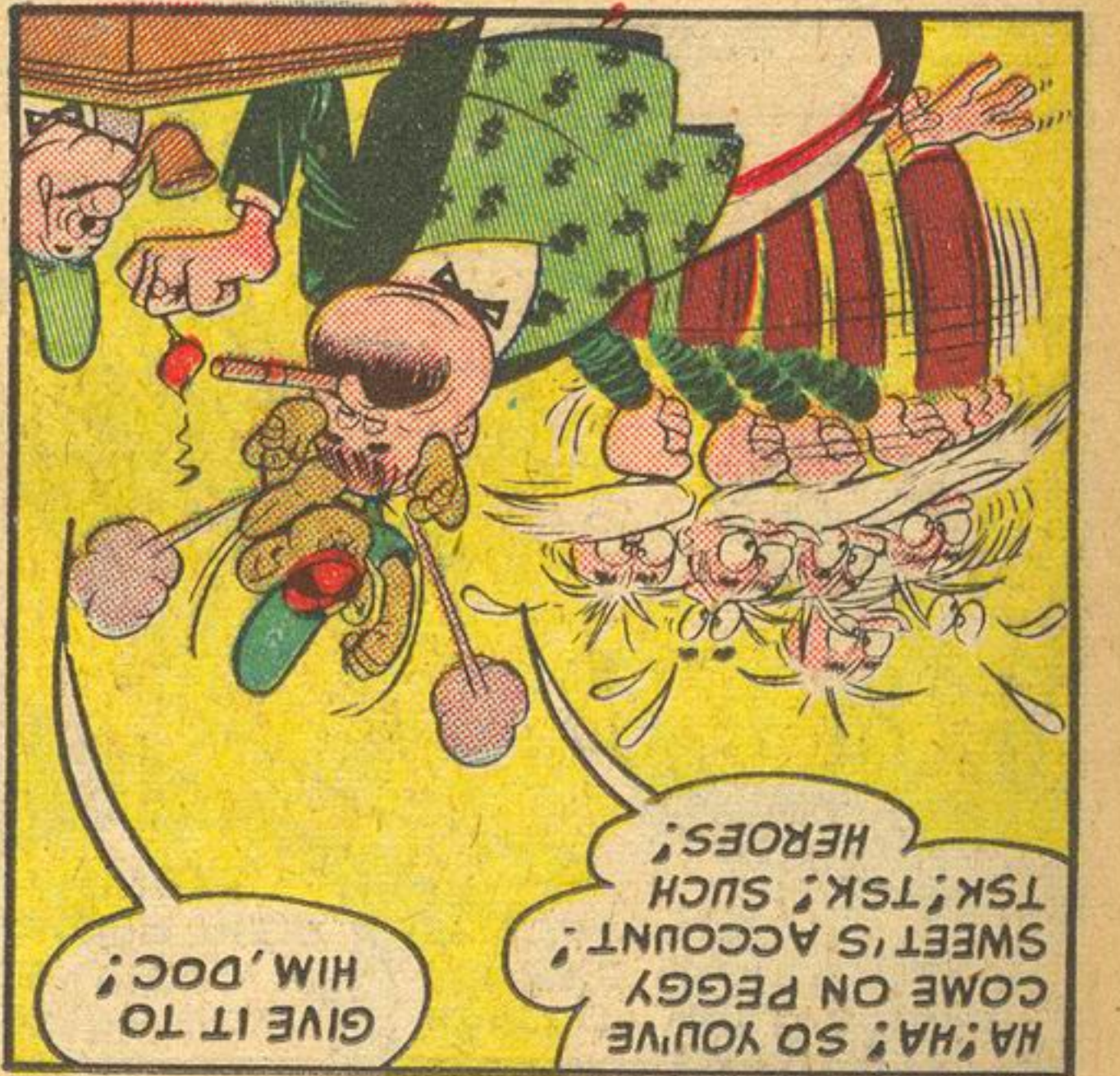
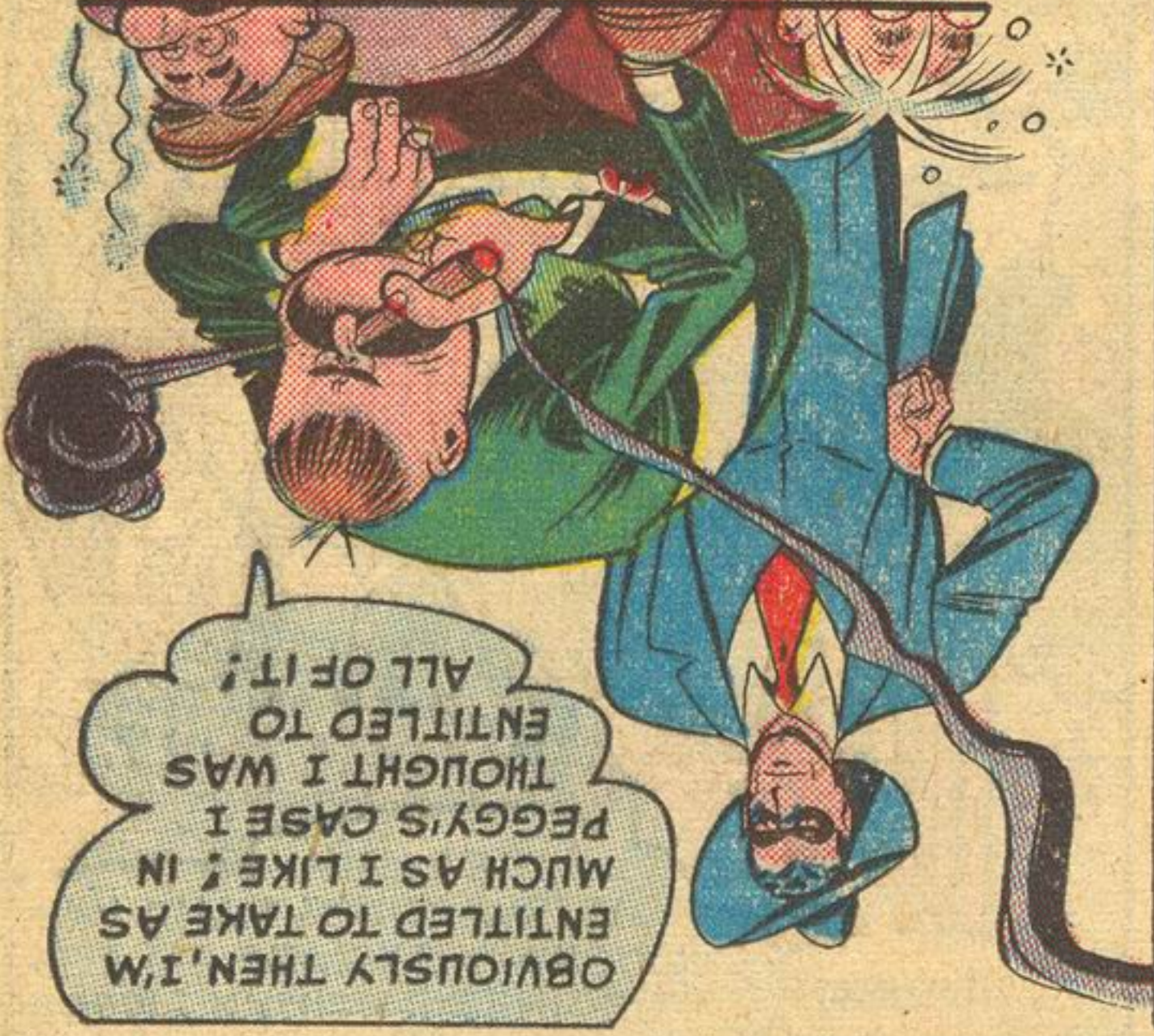
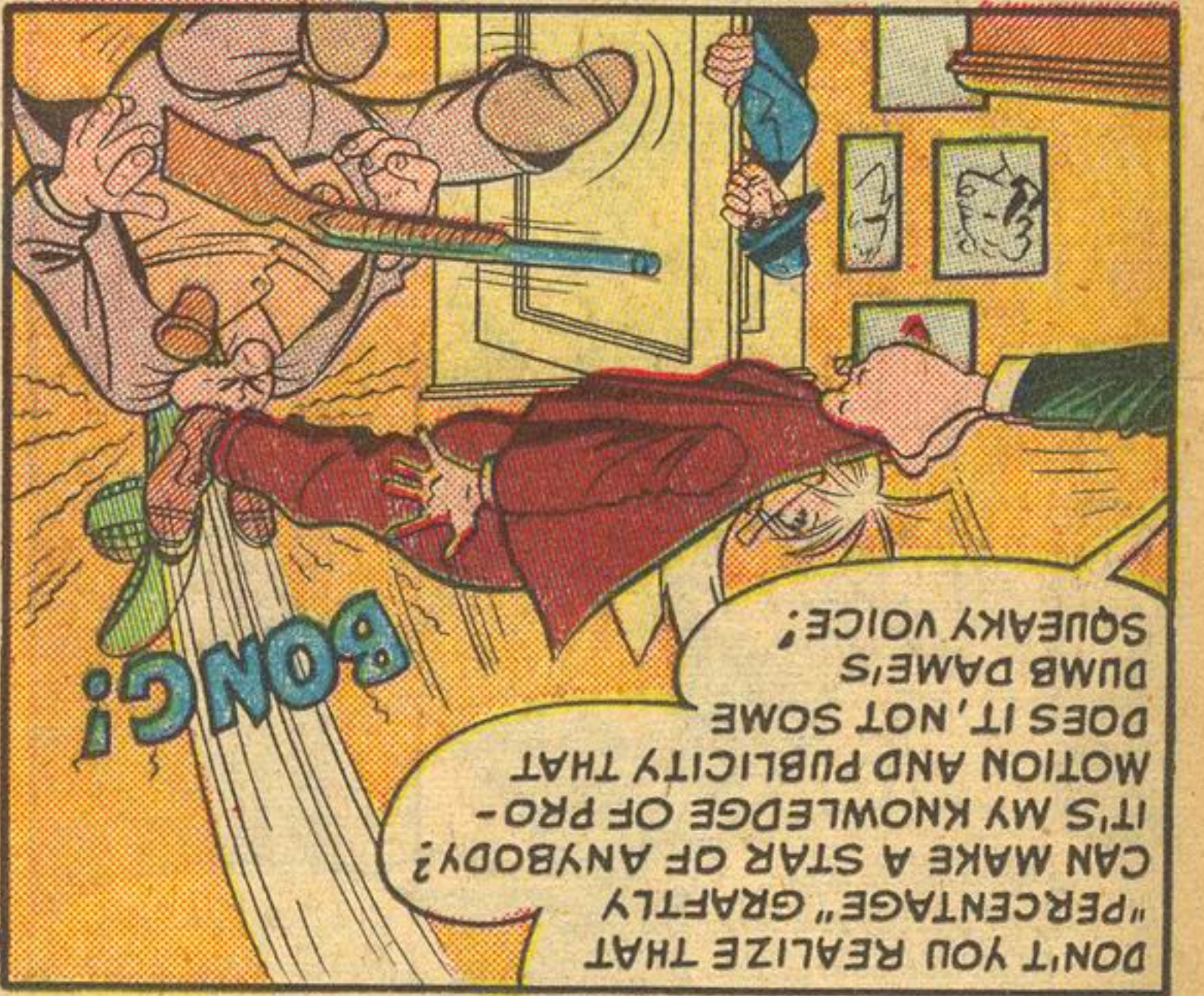
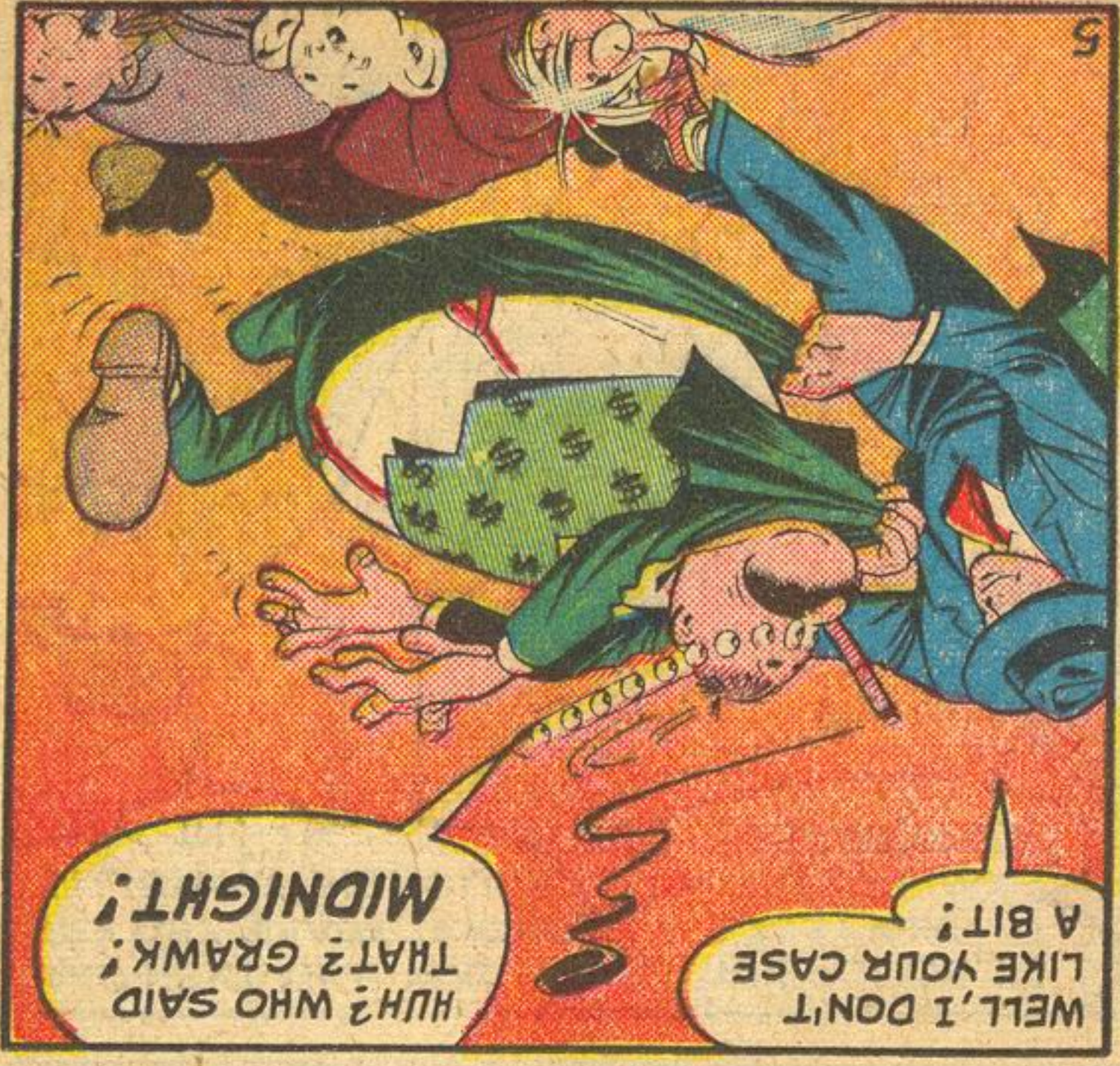


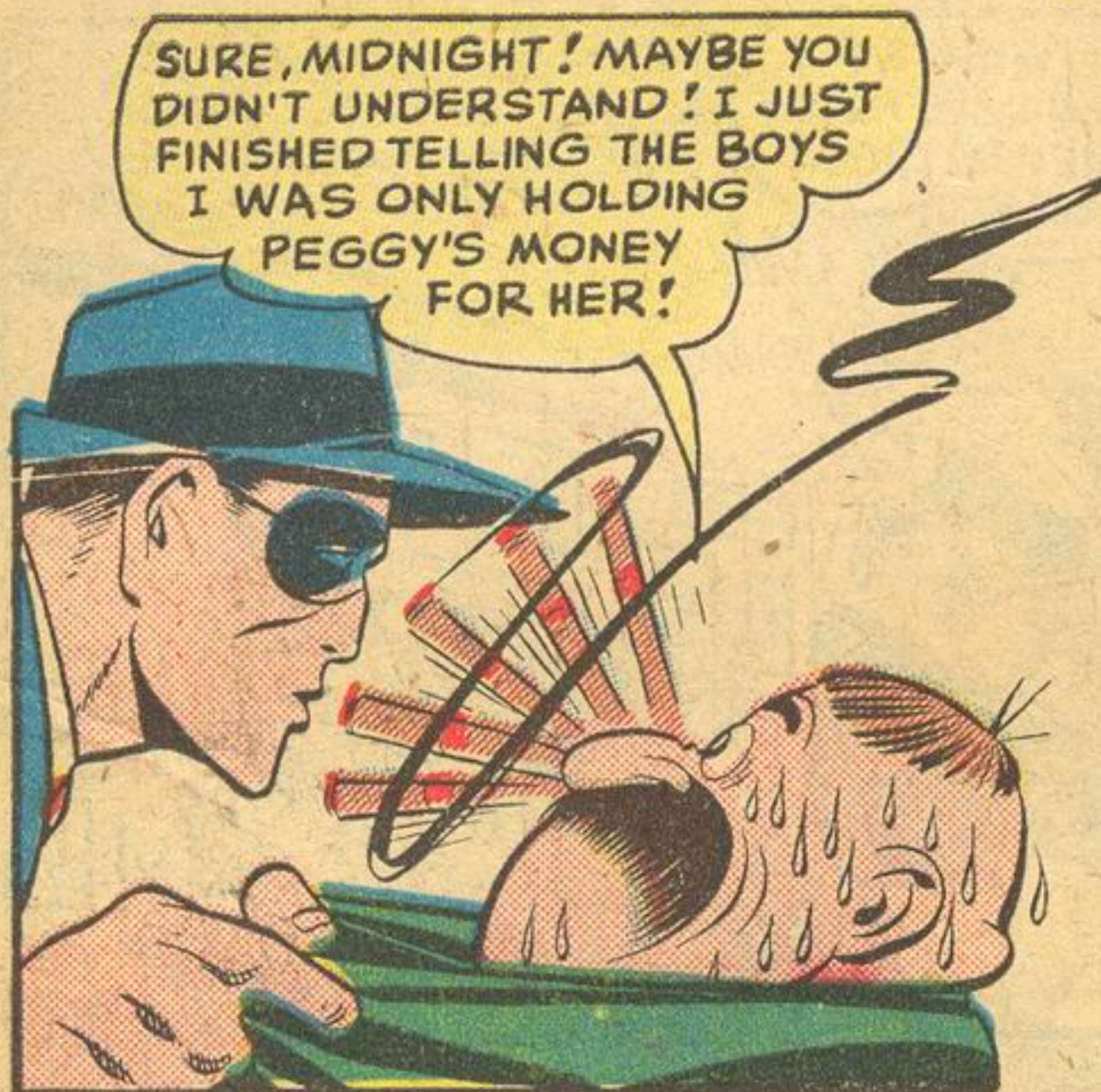




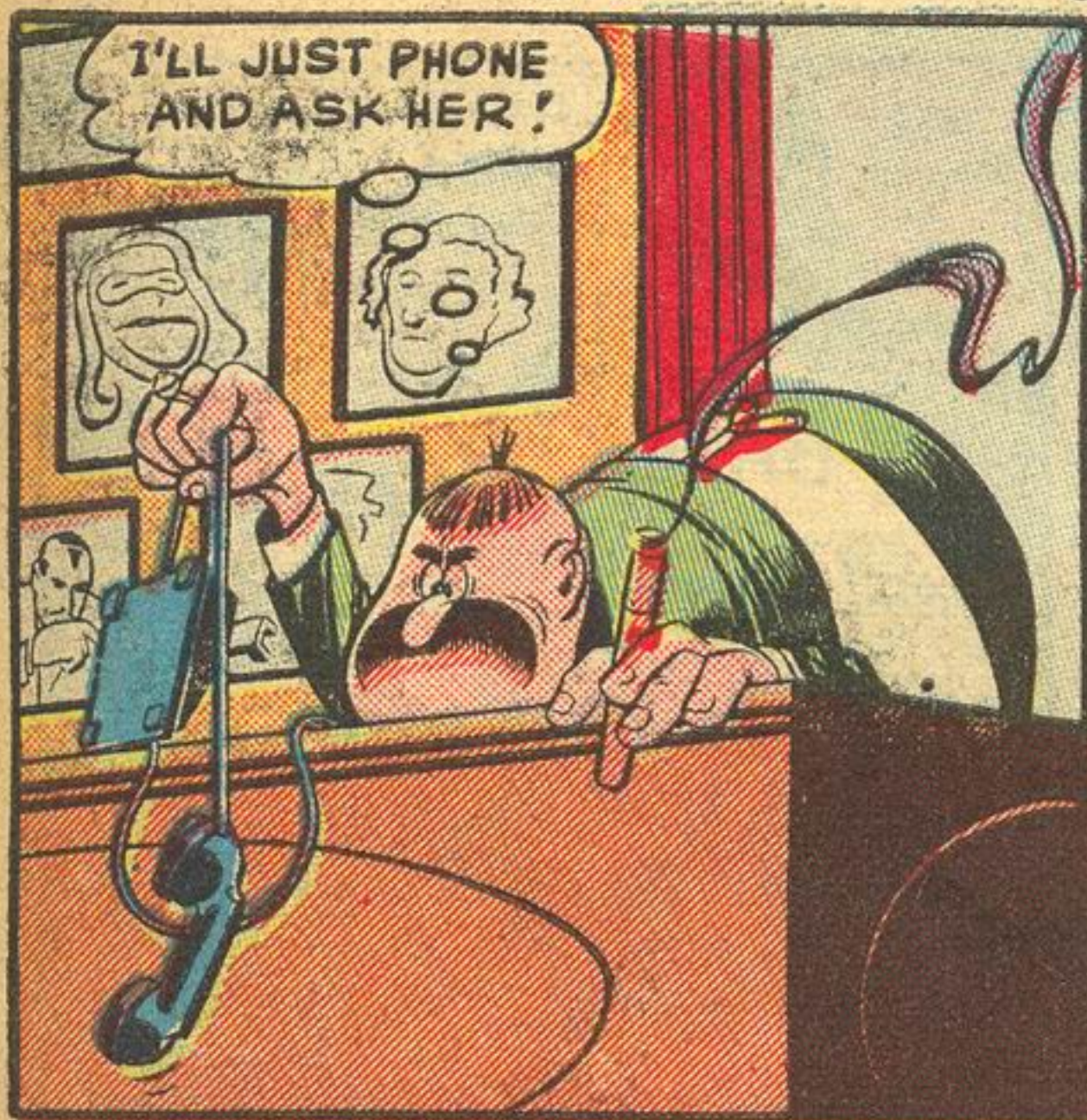
SMASH COMICS



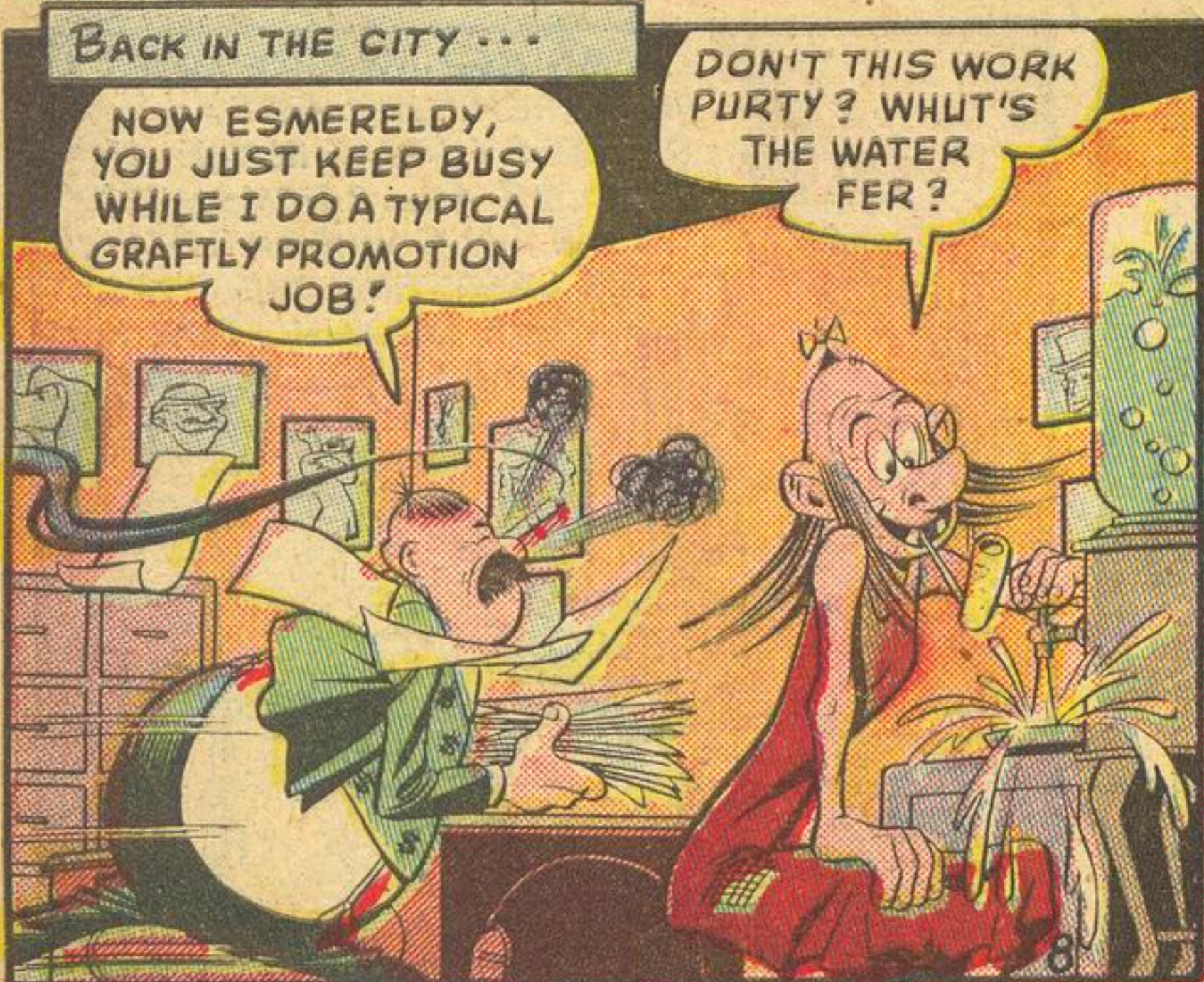
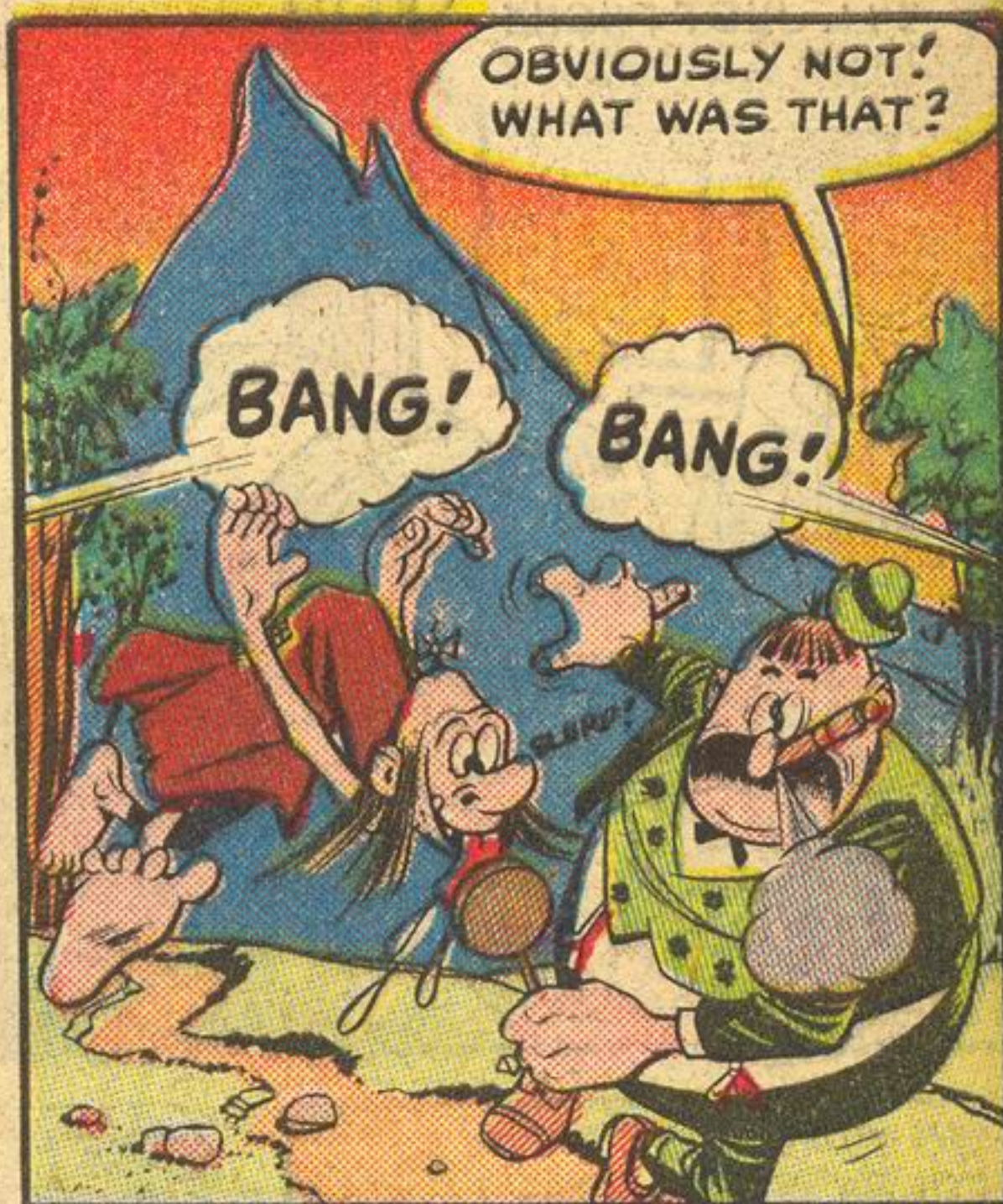
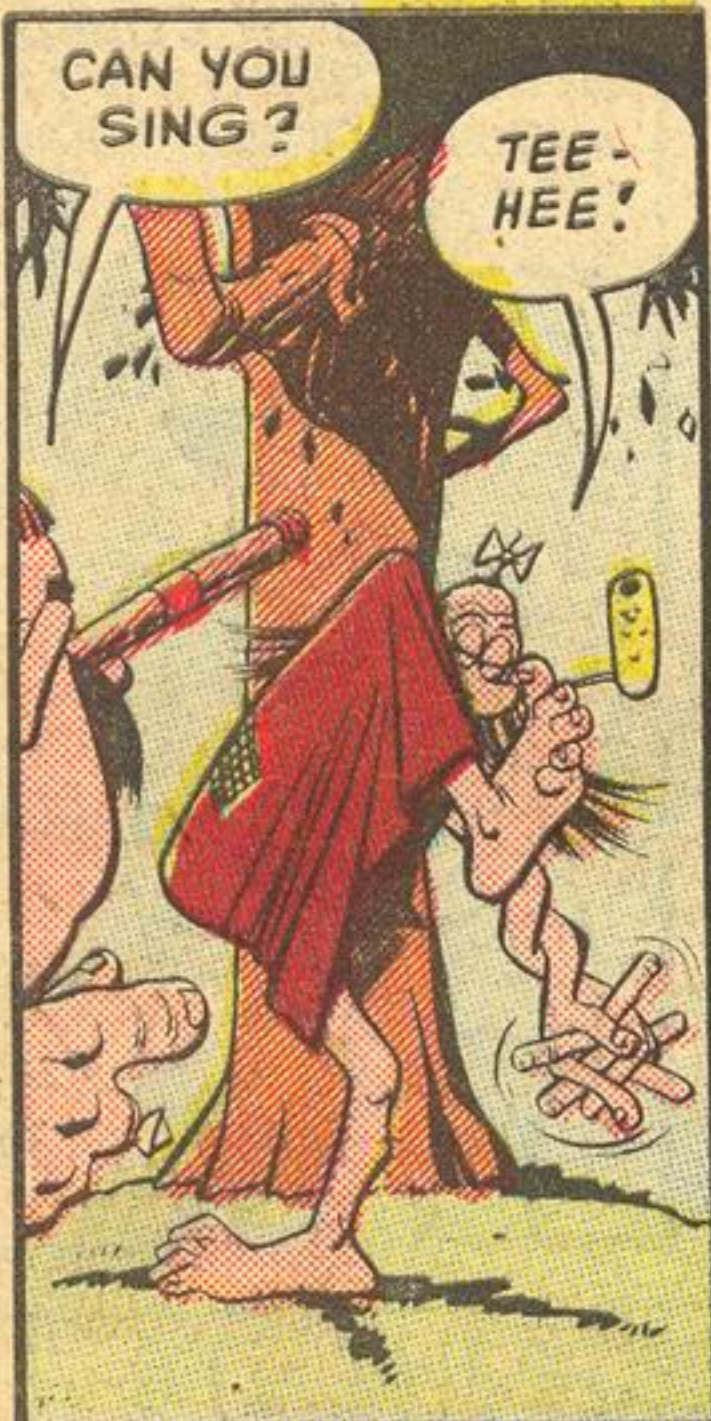




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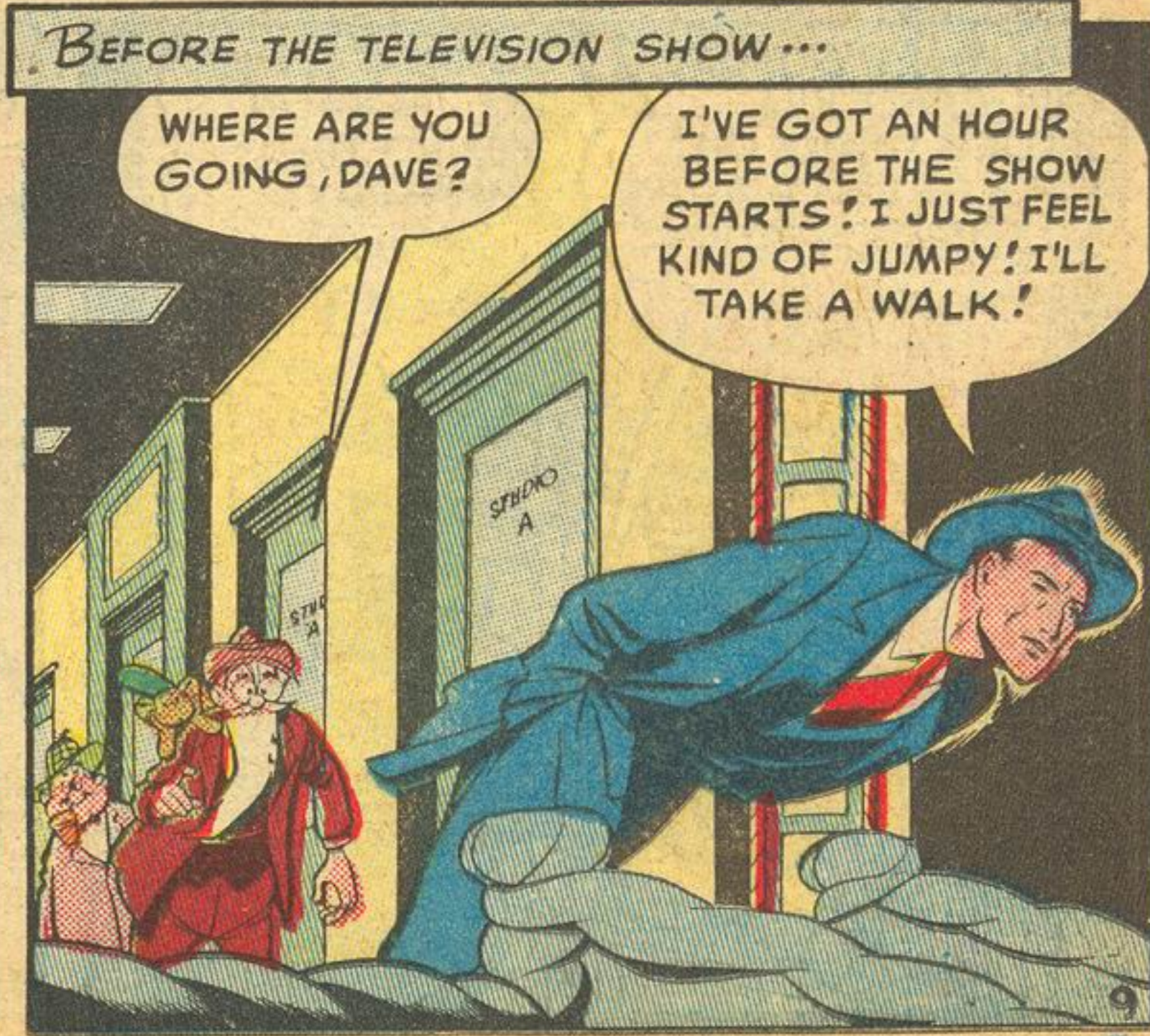
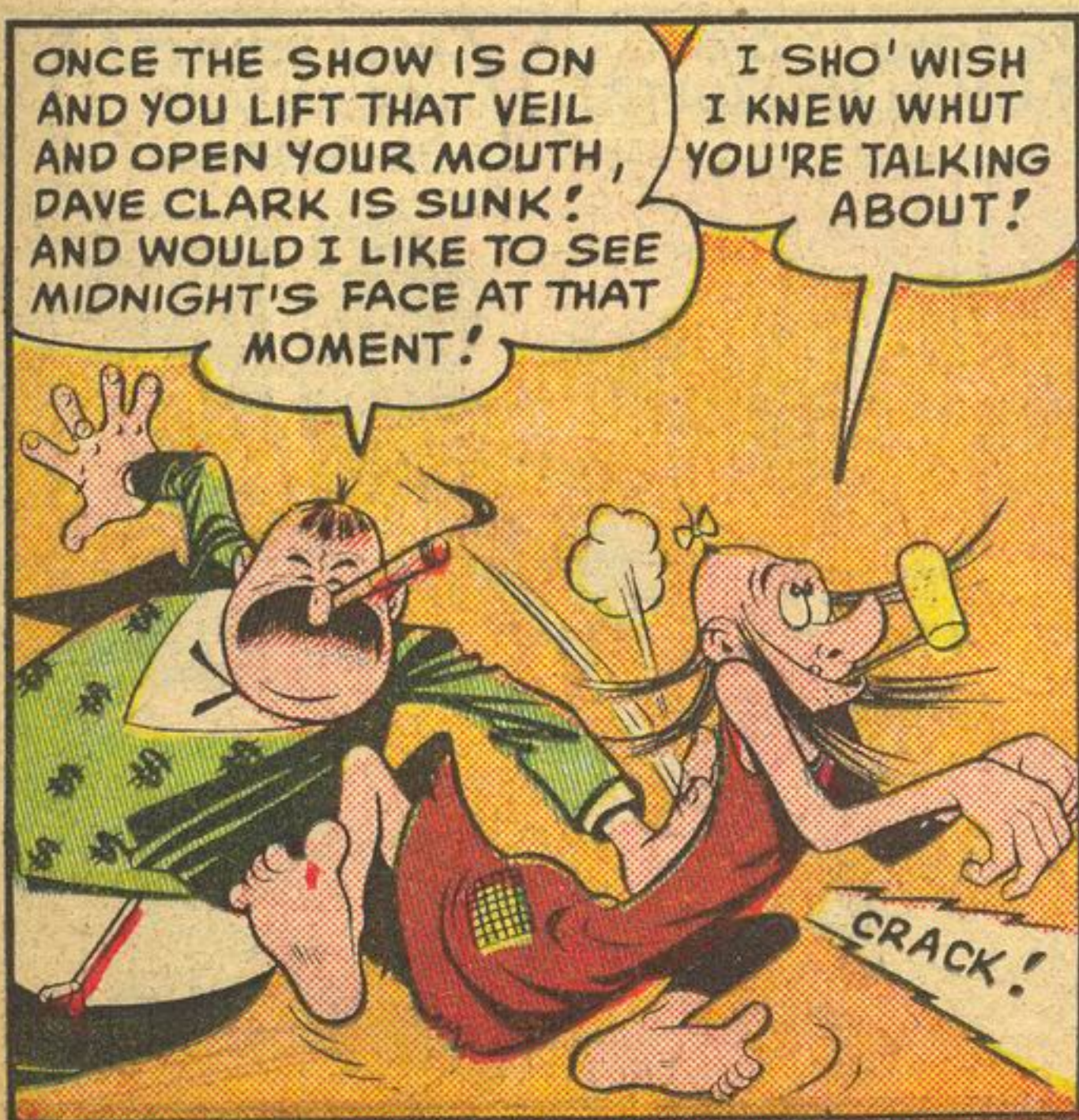
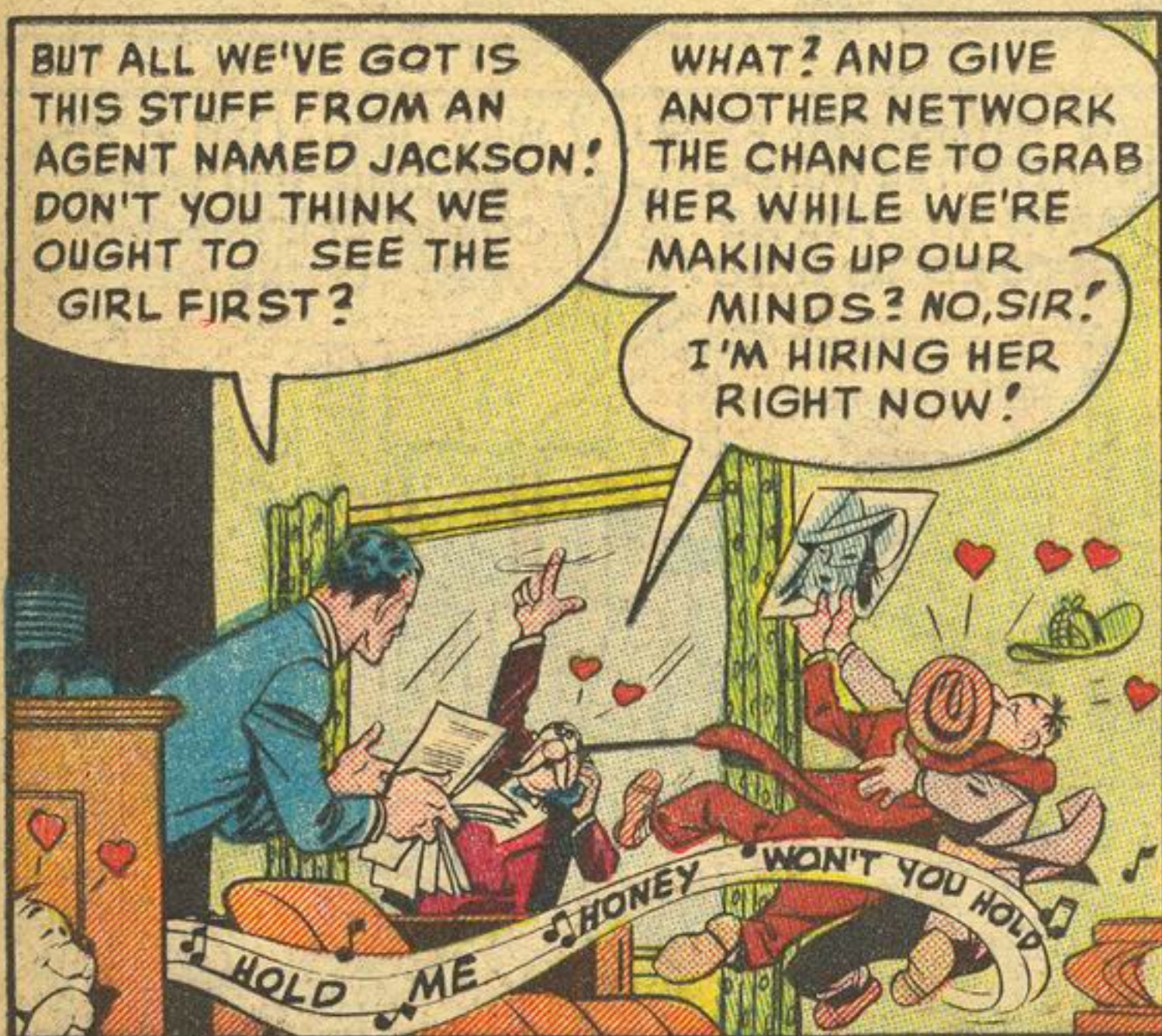
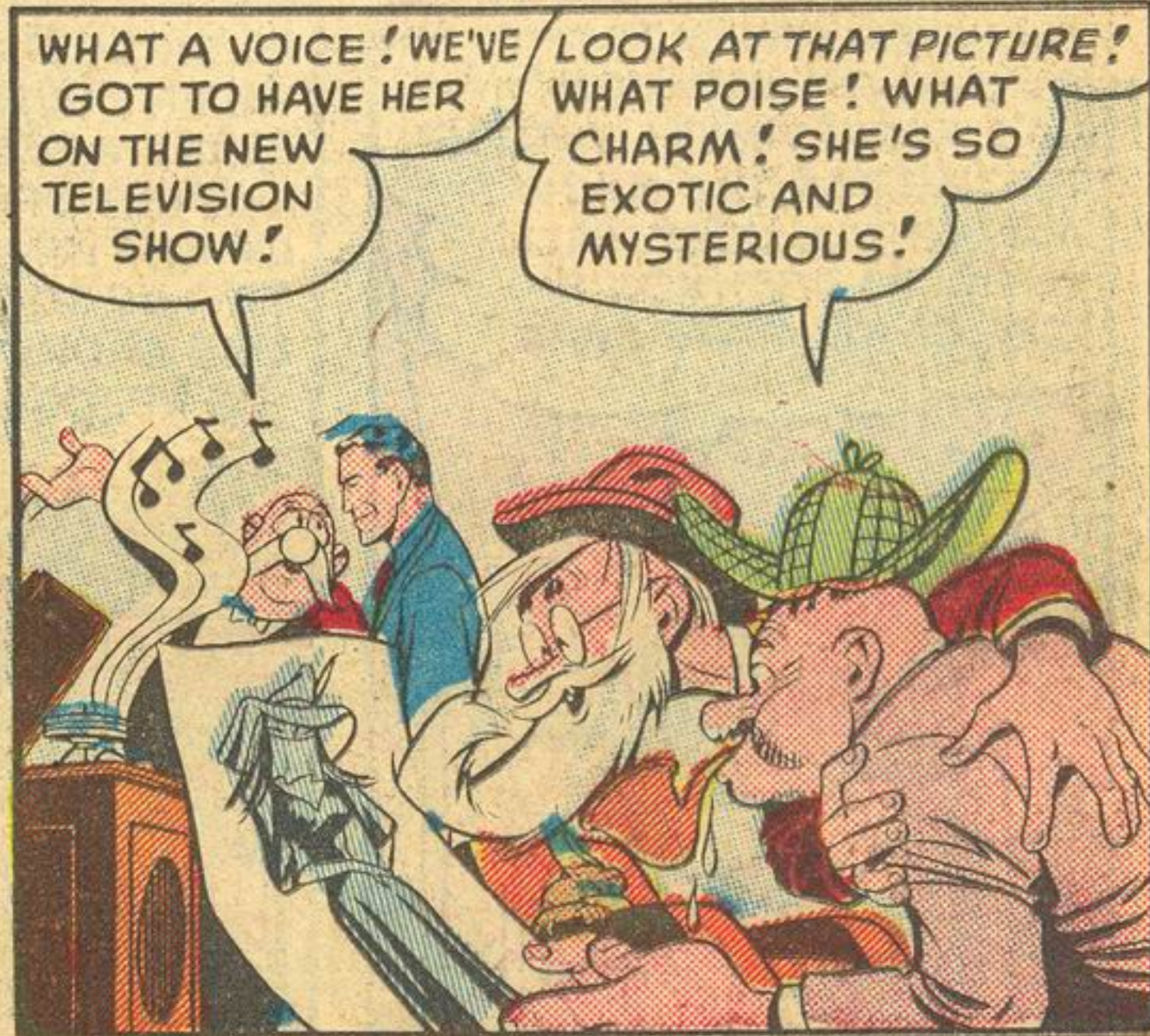


SMASH COMICS





A WEEK LATER IN THE BOSS'S OFFICE AT THE BROADCASTING STUDIO



IN AN ICE CREAM PARLOR ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE TELEVISION STATION ...

I COULD SWEAR THAT'S MIDNIGHT!

DON'T BE A CHUMP, DOC! YOU KNOW VERY WELL DAVE'S GOING TO BE ON THIS SCREEN IN TWENTY SECONDS! THEN HOW CAN THAT BE MIDNIGHT?

PINCH!

SURE! SIT DOWN, DOC! YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS DAVE'S FIRST TELEVISION SHOW! WE GOTTA SEE IF HE'S TELEGENIC!

I DUNNO! IT CERTAINLY LOOKED LIKE MIDNIGHT!

TRY A CHERRY FLIP WITH YOUR TELEVISION

IT'S GRAFTLY... WITH THE MYSTERY SINGER!

THOSE GUYS ARE TRYING TO KILL HIM!

AND THERE'S MIDNIGHT, ALL RIGHT!

BANG!

BAM!

THAT'S ENOUGH SHOOTING, BOYS! YOU MIGHT HURT SOMEBODY! I SAID I'LL TAKE HIM!

HA! HA! LOOK AT GRAFTLY! THIS IS RICH!

GOSH, ESMERELDY, DO TAKE THIS THING OFF SO WE KIN LOOK AT YOUR PURTY FACE AGAIN AND GO BACK TO OUR FEUDIN'!

HA! HA! A FACE, THEY CALL IT! THIS IS KILLING ME!

NEXT DAY...

BAH! AND I WAS GONNA MAKE A SAP OF DAVE CLARK AND HAVE MIDNIGHT EAT CROW!

CLARK'S BOSS HASN'T DECIDED YET WHETHER TO CHARGE YOU WITH FRAUD, INCITING TO RIOT OR BOTH! BUT EITHER WAY YOU'LL GET SOME PUBLICITY YOU DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR!

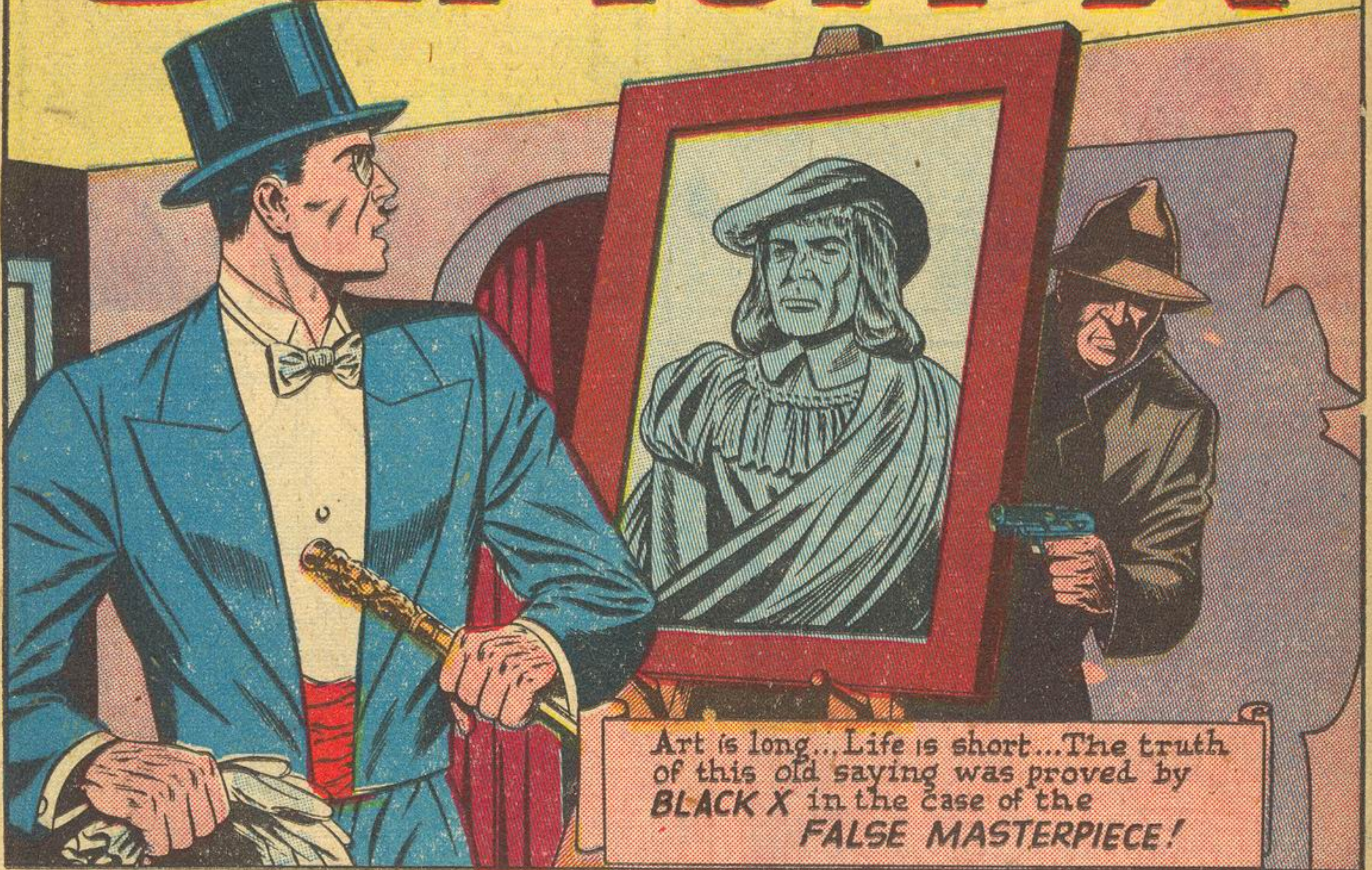
DAILY NEWS

LINDY HUNG
M. MINTON WILL
LECTURE IIIII

PROBLEMS
ALL SOLVED

DAVE CLARK OPENS NEW TELEVISION STATION WITH SURPRISE COMEDY PROGRAM, CAUSES SENSATION!

BLACK X



Art is long... Life is short... The truth of this old saying was proved by **BLACK X** in the case of the **FALSE MASTERPIECE!**

INSPECTOR BURTON... IF THAT'S YOUR NAME... THIS INVASION OF MY HOME IS AN OUTRAGE!

CALL IT ANYTHING YOU WANT, MR. HARROW! I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR RECEIVING STOLEN GOODS!

SO YOU ALREADY KNOW ABOUT THE COLUMBUS PORTRAIT! HMM... THAT VALET I DISCHARGED FOR THEFT MUST HAVE...

RIGHT, MR. HARROW! HE TOLD THE POLICE YOU HAD SECRETLY BOUGHT THIS MASTERPIECE, AND KEPT IT HERE TO GLOAT OVER!

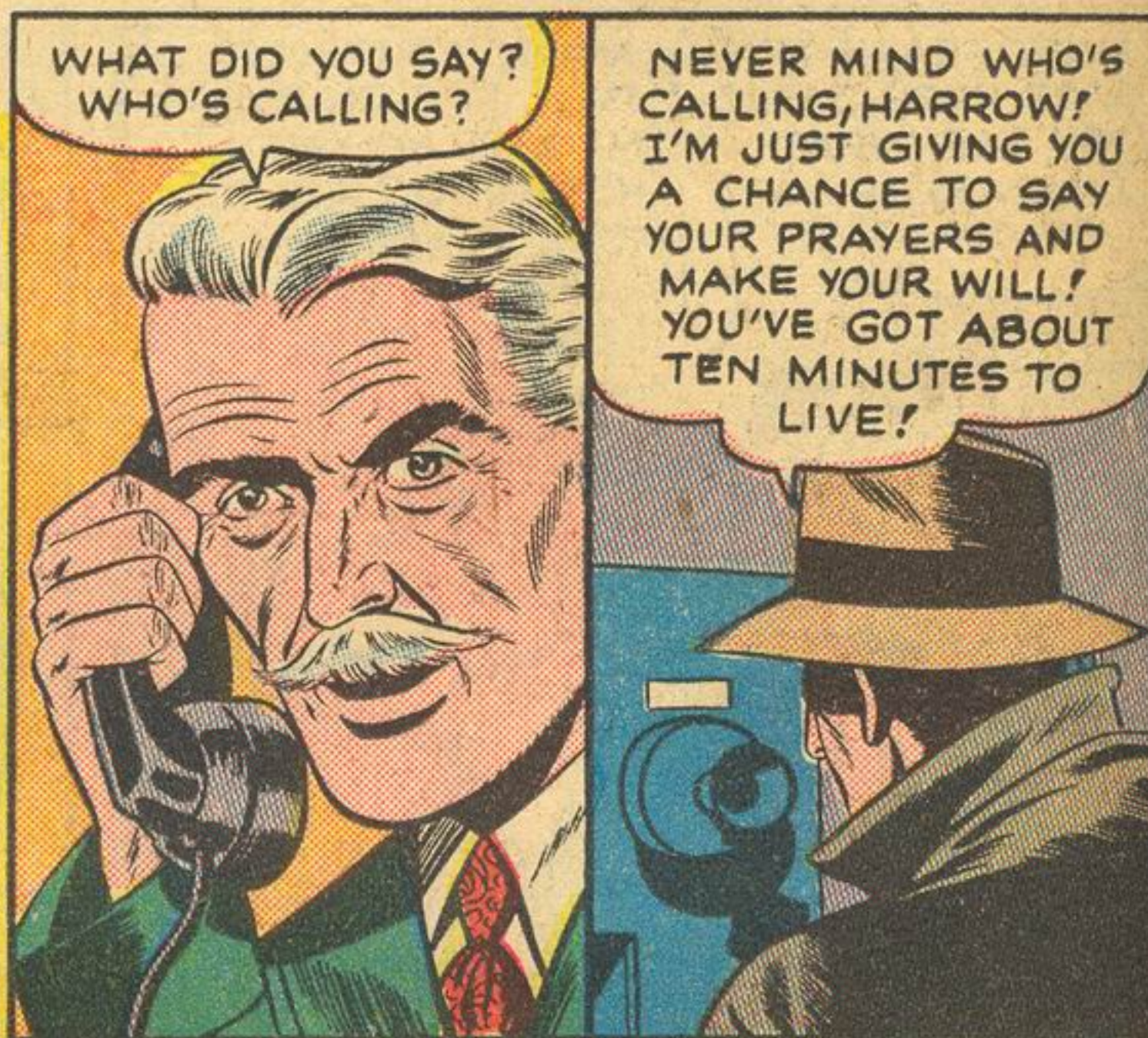
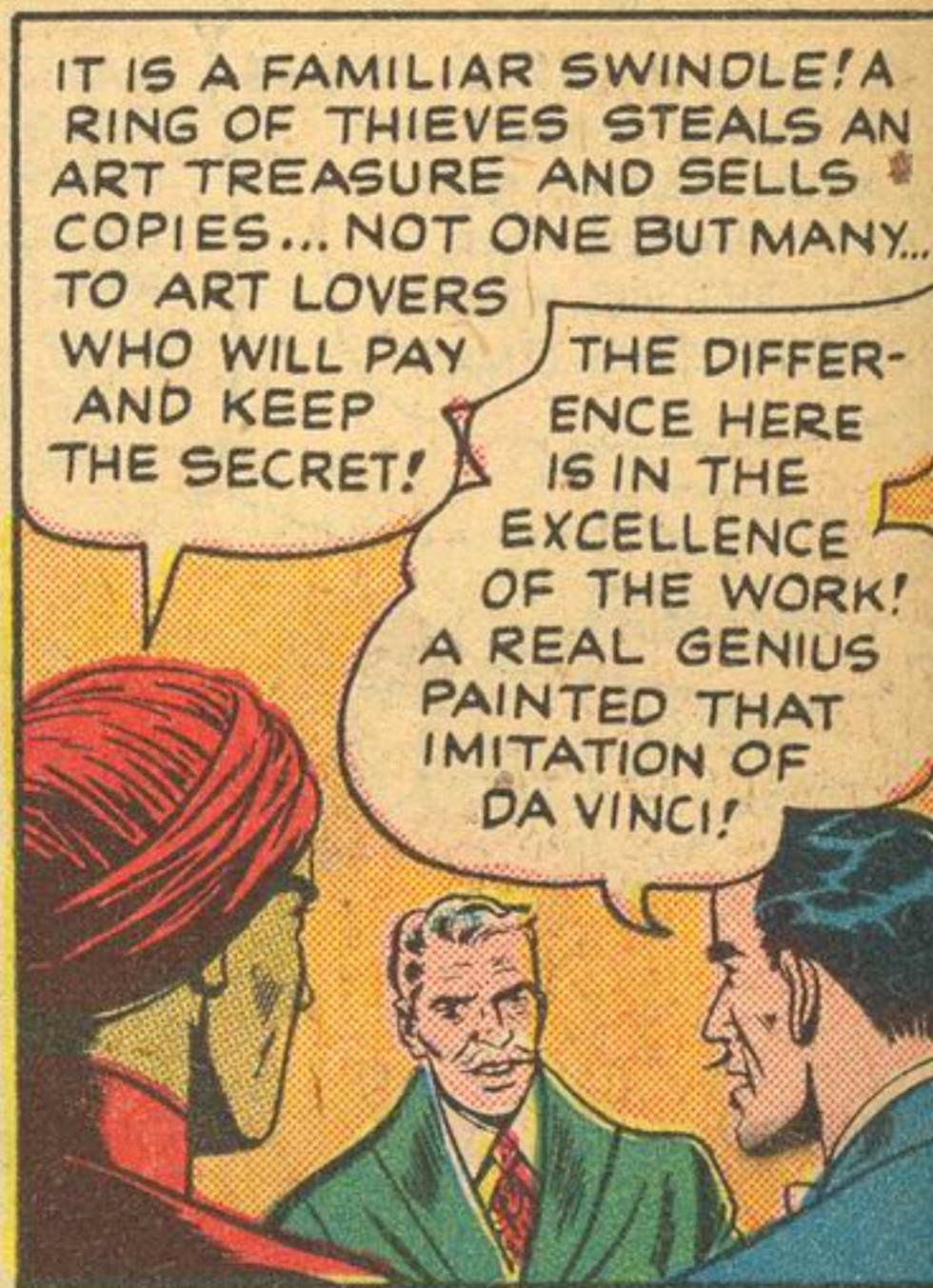
IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, IT'S THE FAMOUS DA VINCI PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT EXPLORER... STOLEN LAST YEAR FROM THE NATIONAL ART MUSEUM!

YES, BEEF BURTON... IF YOU'RE NOT MISTAKEN! BUT LET'S MAKE SURE THERE **ARE** NO MISTAKES!





SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON? WHO CLIPPED ME ON THE CONK?

SORRY TO DISTURB YOUR NAP, BEEF, BUT WE'VE BEEN BUSY ROUNDING UP AN ARTISTIC GROUP OF CRIMINALS!



Moments later...

TOR BURTON, SERGEANT! SEND THE PATROL WAGON TO THIS ADDRESS AT ONCE!

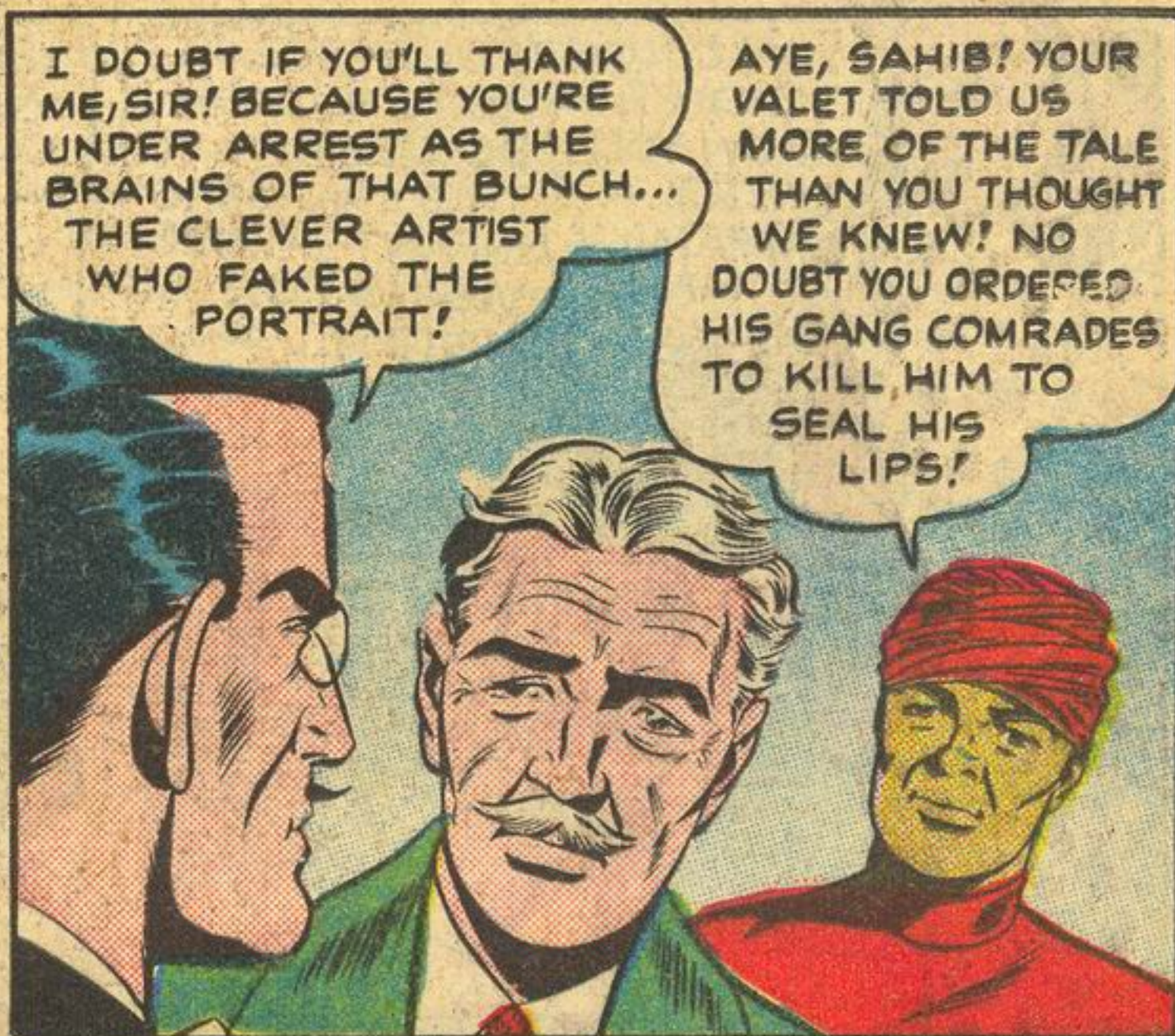
YES, THIS IS INSPEC-

YOU DIDN'T GET THE GUY WHO FAKED THE PAINTINGS FOR US ANYWAY! MAYBE YOU'LL NEVER GET HIM!



A PLEASANT RIDE TO THE STATION, BEEF! I'LL STAY A MOMENT WITH MR. HARROW!

ALLOW ME TO THANK YOU, BLACK X FOR HELPING ME!



I DOUBT IF YOU'LL THANK ME, SIR! BECAUSE YOU'RE UNDER ARREST AS THE BRAINS OF THAT BUNCH... THE CLEVER ARTIST WHO FAKED THE PORTRAIT!

AYE, SAHIB! YOUR VALET TOLD US MORE OF THE TALE THAN YOU THOUGHT WE KNEW! NO DOUBT YOU ORDERED HIS GANG COMRADES TO KILL HIM TO SEAL HIS LIPS!



BUT THEY CAME HERE TO KILL ME... AS A WITNESS!

BATU, SEARCH BELOW AND SEE IF THERE AREN'T PAINTING MATERIALS... PERHAPS OTHER COPIES OF THE PICTURE! THERE SHOULD BE, ACCORDING TO WHAT THE VALET SAID!



DON'T BOTHER TO FIND THE INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE IN THE CELLAR! YES, YOU'RE RIGHT! WE WERE SELLING COPIES OF THE PAINTING SECRETLY... AS GENUINE WORKS...

BUT WHEN THE VALET BEGAN TO TALK, YOUR PALS DECIDED TO PROTECT THEMSELVES EVEN FURTHER BY KILLING YOU AS WELL! LET'S FOLLOW INSPECTOR BURTON!

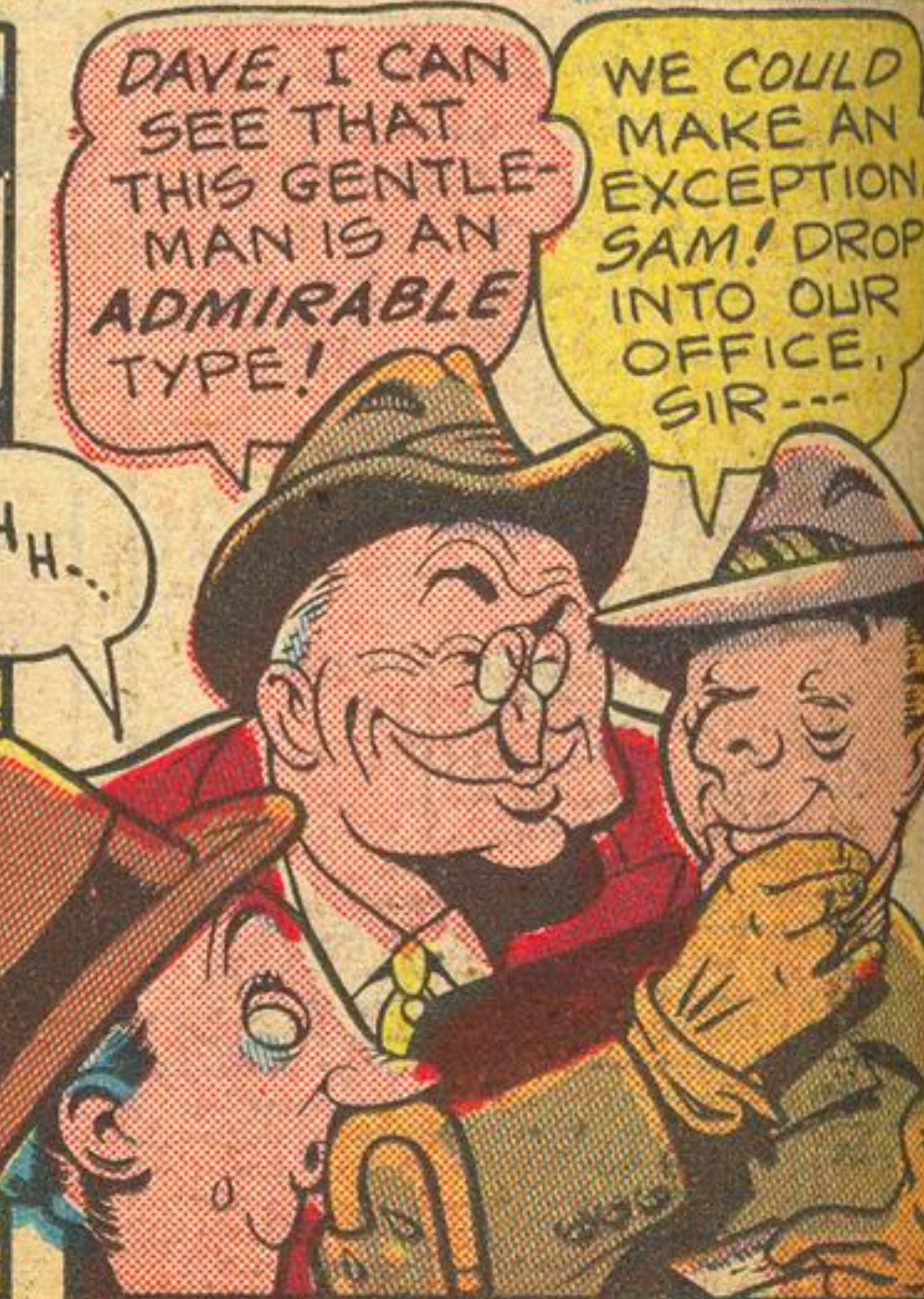


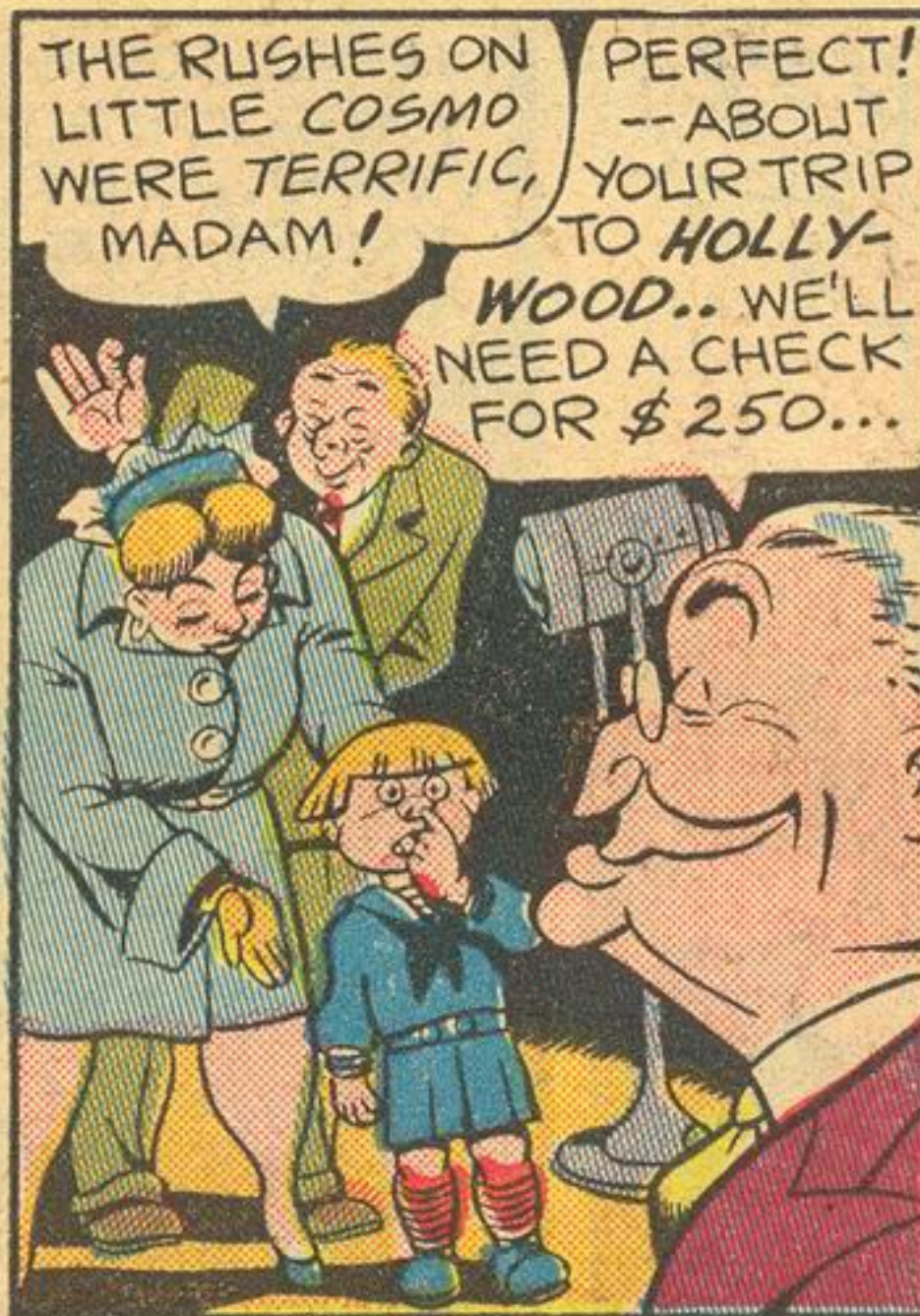
I'M SORRY I HAD TO HANDLE THAT CASE MYSELF, BEEF!

WELL... NO MATTER, BLACK X! AS LONG AS IT'S BEEN SOLVED! THAT'S WHAT MATTERS!

GOODY GOCK

By
Klaus Nordling







THAT'S IT, *COUNT*...
GIVE IT LOTS OF
EXPRESSION...



CUT!



WE'RE GOING TO GIVE
YOU QUITE A BUILD-UP,
COUNT.. THE ROMANTIC
TOUCH!... ER-- NOW,
THE MONEY---

RIGHT
HERE!

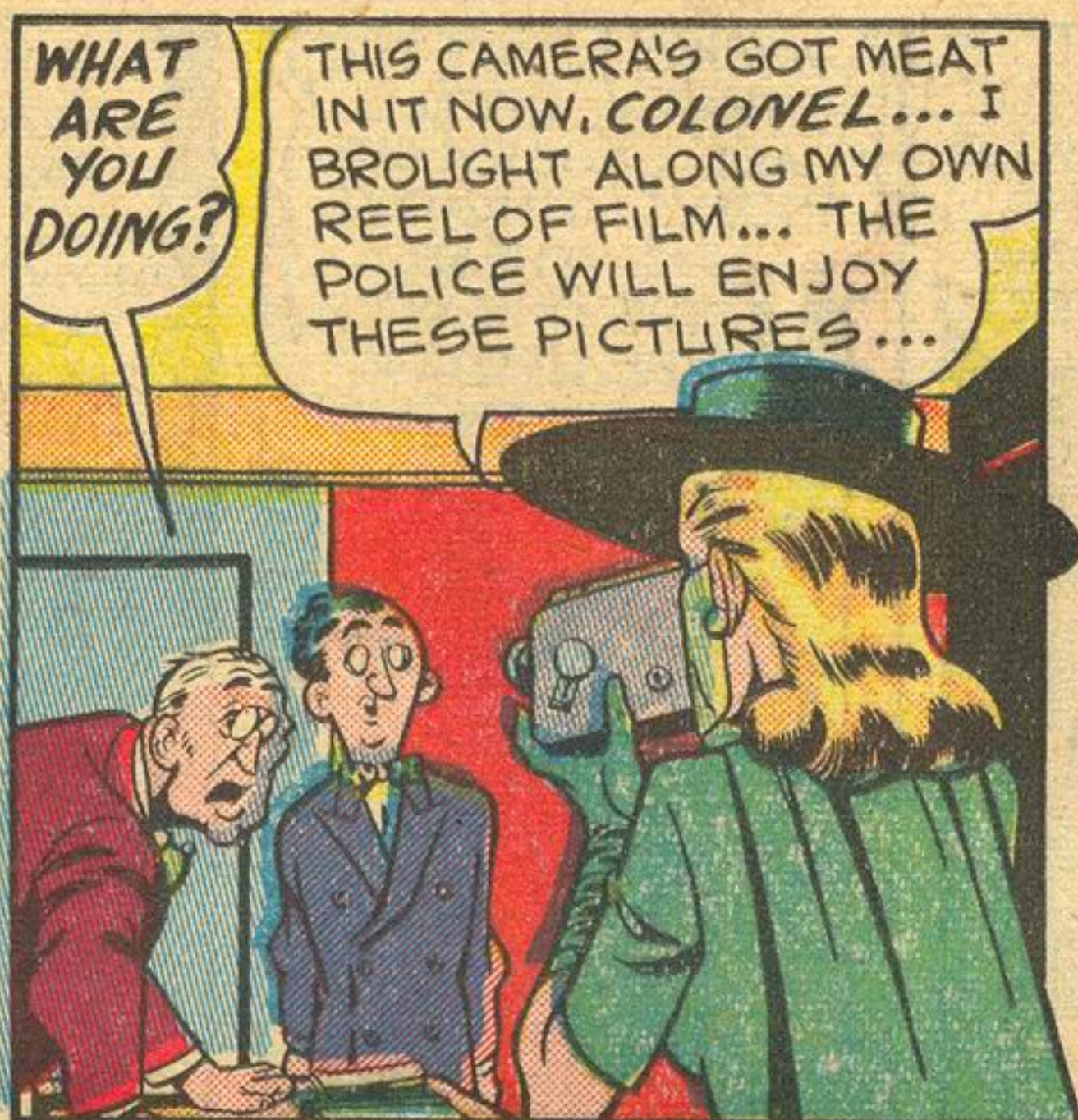


JUST WHAT I
MIGHT HAVE EX-
PECTED.. *EMPTY!*



YOU COULD SPARE
ANOTHER LOVE-
SCENE PERHAPS
FOR AN *I.O.U.*?

HAHAHA..
YOUR
RECEIPT--



WHAT
ARE
YOU
DOING?

THIS CAMERA'S GOT MEAT
IN IT NOW, *COLONEL*... I
BROUGHT ALONG MY OWN
REEL OF FILM... THE
POLICE WILL ENJOY
THESE PICTURES...



WELL, WHY
DON'T YOU
COME AND
GET IT
FROM
ME?

UH.. I HAVE
A HEALTHY
RESPECT
FOR YOUR
PROWESS,
LADY LUCK... I
GUESS YOU'VE
GOT ME AGAIN!



I'LL TAKE
CHARGE OF
YOUR BANK
BOOKS AND
RECORDS..
YOUR
SUCKERS
WILL WANT
THEIR MONEY
BACK...

BUT DON'T FORGET..
IF I GO TO JAIL,
THE UNDERWORLD
WILL ENJOY MY
ANNOUNCEMENT
THAT *LADY LUCK*
AND *BRENDA*
BANKS ARE ONE
AND THE SAME!

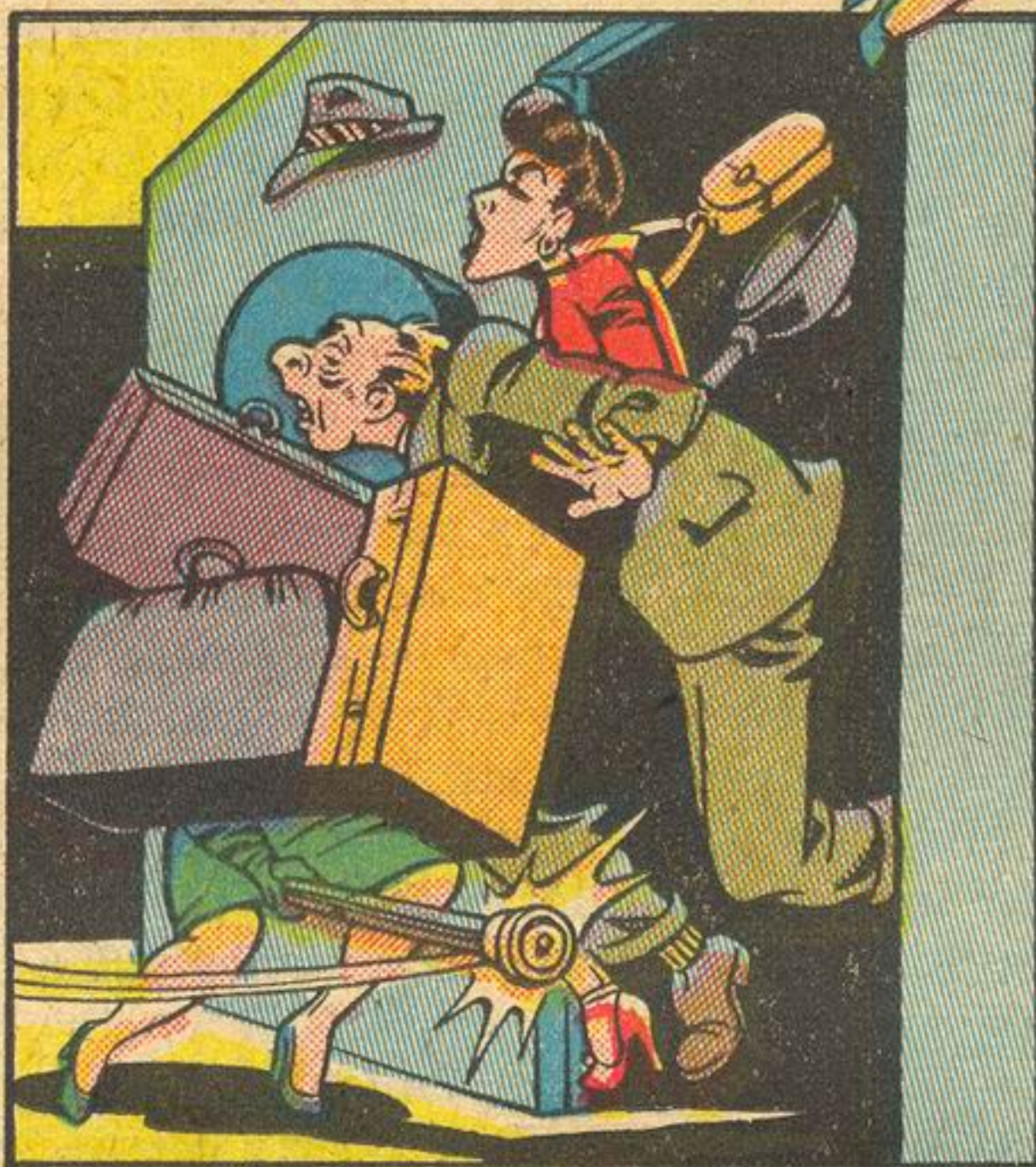
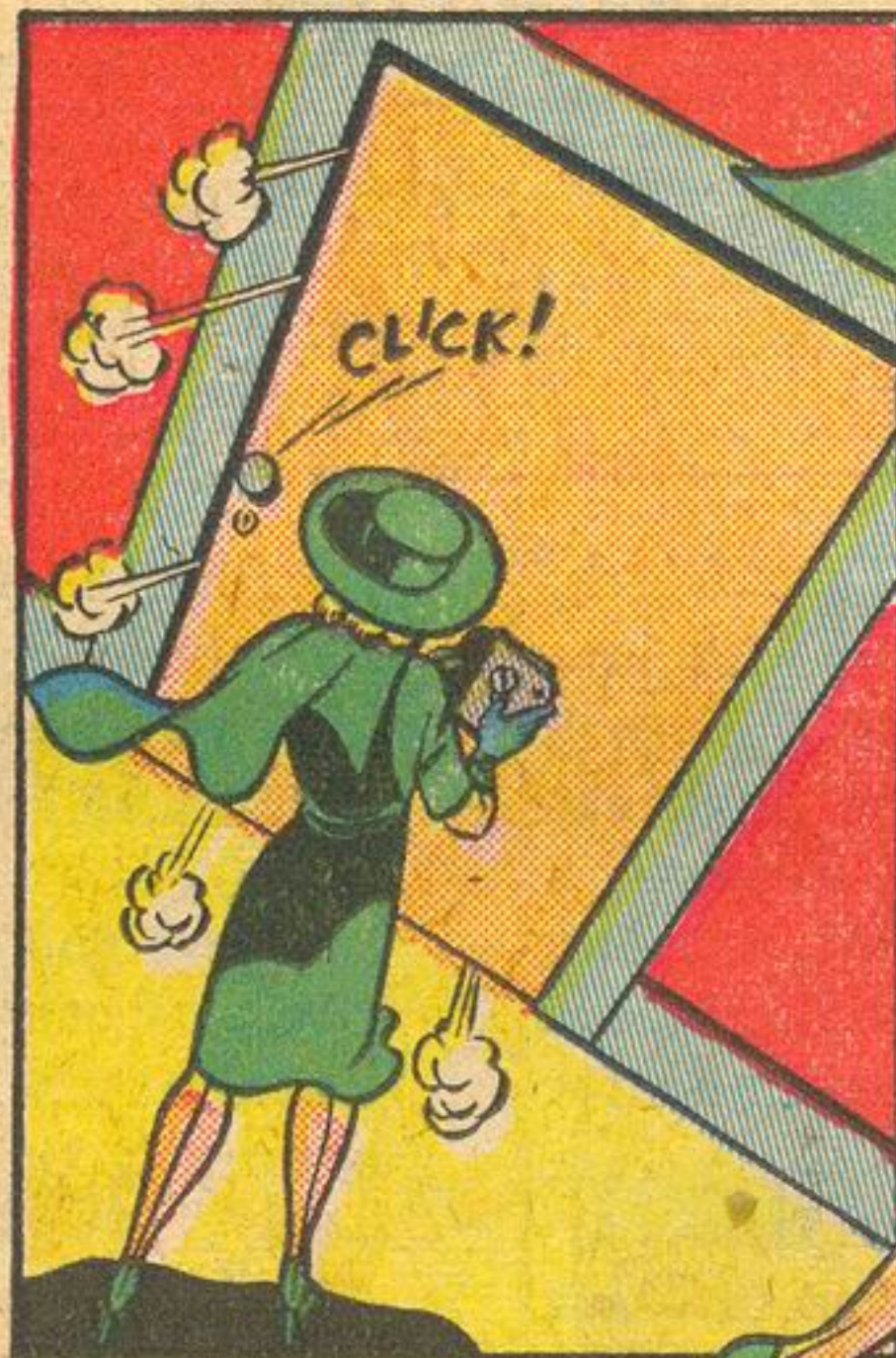


BUT
YOU'RE
NOT
SURE!

AH, BUT I
HAVE PROOF!
WOULD YOU
CARE TO
SEE?.. *LADIES*
FIRST!



YOU MUST TAKE ME
FOR AN AWFUL DOPE!
AGE BEFORE BEAUTY!
-- WELL, FANCY THAT!



MIDNIGHT'S MERRY MEN

"NO!" shouted Radio Announcer Dave Clark, adjusting the mask that turned him into the mighty figure of Midnight. "For the tenth and last time, I will not have you jugheads trailing along, lousing up this case. I've got a hot tip that Red Ruggles, the mobster, is using the old haunted house on Cemetery Lane as a hideout and I'm going to nail him once and for all."

He went out, slamming the door. His pals sat grumpily around in the front room of Dave Clark's house. Suddenly Doc Wacky's eyes glinted. He arose with elaborate innocence. "I just remembered an important experiment in my laboratory. I'll see you tomorrow, Sniffer Snoop. Come along, Gabby. I need your help."

Doc and the talking monkey vanished into the laboratory and in a moment the sound of bolts sliding home indicated the finality of their departure. Gabby, the monk, leaned against the door. "How you can think of scientific experiments when our pal, Midnight, may be walking into a death trap in that old mausoleum . . ."

"Don't be an ape," Doc said placidly, sliding open a rear window with careful stealth. "We're slipping out the back way to give Midnight a hand, Gabby. You know how Sniffer and that fuzz-brained bear, Hotfoot, can mess things up. Midnight appreciates us but he was just afraid they'd come along, too."

Chuckling softly, the pair slipped out into the night and hurried down the street. A few minutes later, they were cautiously reconnoitering the dismal, creaky deserted mansion. Gabby shivered and pressed closer to Doc Wacky. "I don't see any signs of Midnight, Doc. D'yuh suppose he's already trapped and murdered maybe, hah?"

"There's only one way to find out," Doc growled. "We'll slip in through the busted window and explore the joint. If anything moves, slug it first and identify it later."

"What if it's Midnight? He ain't gonna like such tactics."

"Don't be silly," Doc sniffed. "You know Midnight's hat. If you see a shadow with that kind of a hat, lay off. Otherwise, *whammo!*"

Shivering, starting at every creak of a broken shutter, every tap of a dead branch or whisper of wind, the pair crawled into the darkness.

"Shh," Doc whispered suddenly. "I saw something cross the window and it had some kind of crazy dingus on its head, which proves it can't be Midnight. Sneak close and land hard, Gabby."

Closer and closer they crept, hearing the faint rustle of movement, the hiss of a muted whisper. Then, at a wild yell from Doc Wacky, the pair sprang at the shadows where the sounds originated.

Gabby landed on something small and furious, something like a small person wearing a fur coat. Despite furious struggles and muffled snarls of rage, Gabby clung and clawed and fought. Beside him he could hear grunts and thuds as Doc Wacky rolled and struggled with his opponent.

"We got 'em, Doc," Gabby yelled. "If they've harmed Midnight, I'll tear 'em apart and hide the important pieces so they can't ever be reassembled. And if they haven't, we'll have the case all closed and the crooks nailed down when he gets here . . . oooff!" This last came as a wild punch knocked the breath from his lungs.

Without warning something clicked and a blaze of light outlined the struggling figures on the floor. Gabby got a look at his opponent and yelled, "Oh, for the luva gosh, it's Hotfoot, that doughbrain detective's dizzy bear."

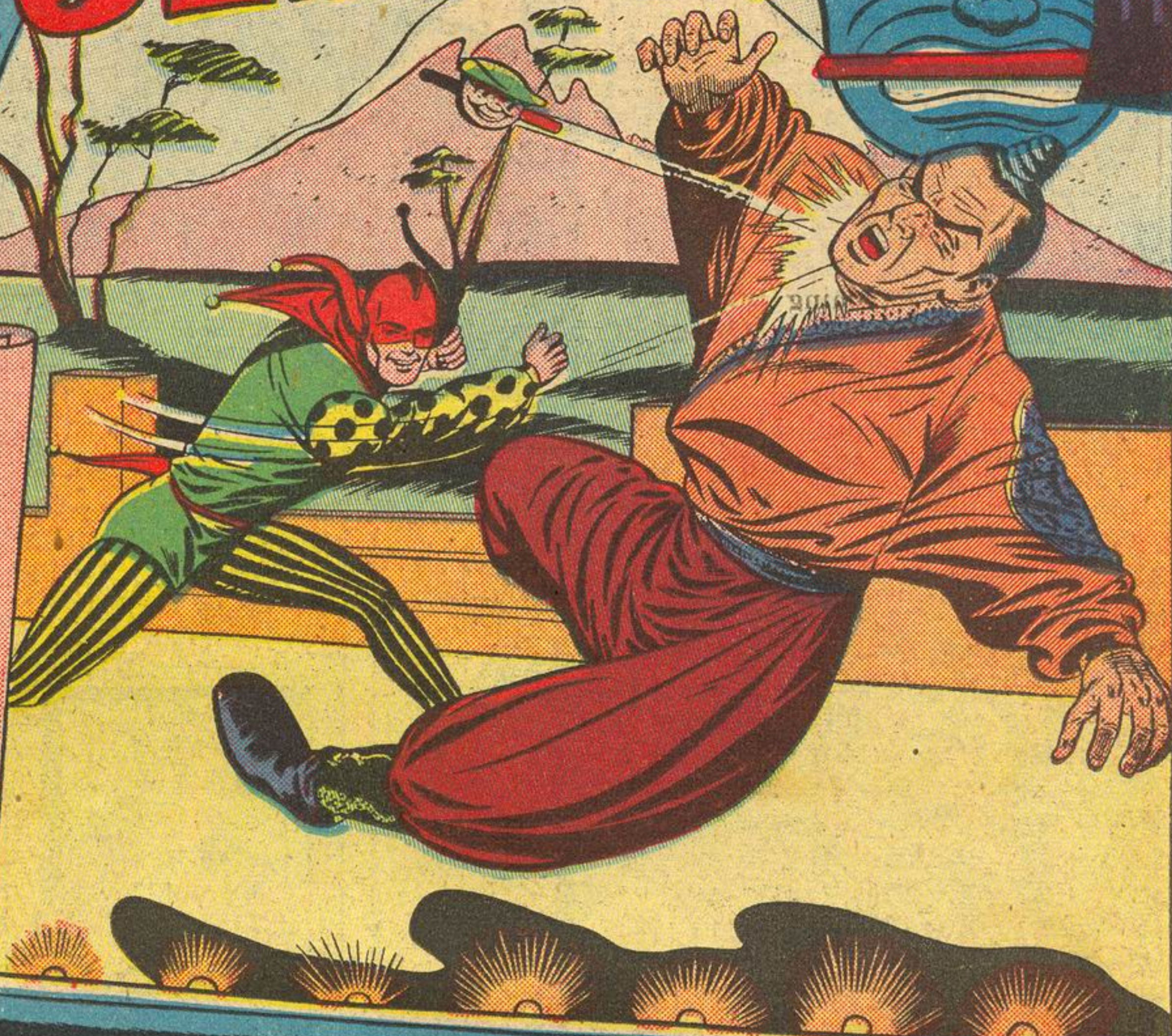
Doc Wacky sat up, roaring, "Sniffer Snoop! So you're the double-crossing, two-timing dimwit who kicked me in the stomach when my back was turned."

From behind the flashlight, the voice of Midnight said, "When you idiots get tired of mauling one another, what do you say we go home?"

"Midnight!" the three yelled, scrambling up. "We didn't want you facing Red Ruggles alone so we slipped down to help. Turn off the light quick. Do you want to scare him away?"

"Relax," Midnight said. "I nabbed Red Ruggles half an hour ago at his hideout and delivered him safely to jail. I knew you morons would try to help so I told you his hideout was here instead of where it really was. It kept you out of my hair very nicely while I got on with my job of crime-fighting. Come along, *helpers*. I'll put arnica on your bruises when we get home."

THE JESTER



The audience came to see an operetta... but it turned into a deadly drama when a cunning jewel thief got into the act! Then Officer Chuck Lane introduced another role on the stage, with *The JESTER*, his crime-fighting alter-ego, acting to outwit a foot-light felon!

At a dress rehearsal...

MR. LINDSEY... I... I CAN'T GO ON... FEEL SICK... MY STOMACH...

OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE! TONIGHT IS THE BIG OPENING OF THE SHOW! NOW WHAT'LL WE DO?



HOW ABOUT ME, LINDSEY? I'M STILL THE UNDERSTUDY AROUND HERE!

I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO USE YOU, BREWSTER... EVEN THOUGH YOU CAN'T SING AS WELL AS DON, HERE!

OHHH...



HMPH! CAN'T SING AS WELL, EH? WHO CARES? THE POOR SAP GAVE ME JUST THE SPOT I WANTED TONIGHT! HA! HA!



Later...

I'LL BET THAT DAME WILL BE WEARING HER FAMOUS TISDALE NECKLACE AT THE SHOW... BUT NOT FOR LONG!

Daily Star

OPERETTA 'THE MIKADO' OPENS TONIGHT, LADY KIMBERLY TO ATTEND!

That night...

WE'VE GOT A SPECIAL GUARD DETAIL HERE, CHUCK! THERE'VE BEEN TOO MANY MYSTERIOUS THEFTS AT THEATERS LATELY!

AND THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF JEWELRY IN THE AUDIENCE TONIGHT, MCGINTY!

OPENING TONIGHT THE MIKADO

YOUR STATION IS INSIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE! I'M GONNA BE AT THE STAGE DOOR!

O.K... I'LL KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR TROUBLE!

At the stage door...

HMM! HERE COMES THAT HAM, KEITH BREWSTER! I GUESS HE'S REPLACING THE STAR WHO GOT SICK TODAY!

MCGINTY! UH...WHAT'S GOING ON HERE THAT THEY NEED A DETECTIVE?

WITH YOUR VOICE, YOU'LL NEED PROTECTION FROM THE AUDIENCE AFTER THEY HEAR YOU SING! HAW! HAW!

DON'T KID YOURSELF! MY VOICE FEELS FINE AFTER USING THESE THROAT LOZENGES! HERE, HAVE ONE... THEY'RE GOOD!

Shortly, as the houselights dim...

SAY! LOOKS LIKE FLASHLIGHT SIGNALS COMING FROM THAT DOORWAY LEADING TO THE WINGS! TAKE MY POST, MIKE!

SMASH COMICS



Backstage...

HMM! NOTHING UNUSUAL...

ONE SIDE, OFFICER! THE SHOW'S READY TO START AND YOU'LL BE IN THE WAY!



CURTAIN TIME! EVERYBODY ON STAGE! GET THAT SCENERY SET!

MIGHT AS WELL CLEAR OUT OF HERE...WONDER HOW MCGINTY'S DOING AT THE STAGE DOOR!



MCGINTY... WHAT'S THE MATTER?

UGH...I FEEL... SICK! BETTER CALL HEADQUARTERS... NEED...DOCTOR... LOZENGES... POISONED...



...AND SEND A DOCTOR, TOO, CHIEF! BETTER HURRY!

THAT'S SHOW BUSINESS FER YA... NEVER A DULL MOMENT!



Then, behind the concealment of prop scenery, Chuck's secret identity emerges...

JUST IN CASE THERE'S MORE TROUBLE BREWING, THE JESTER HAD BETTER BE ON HAND!



Shortly...

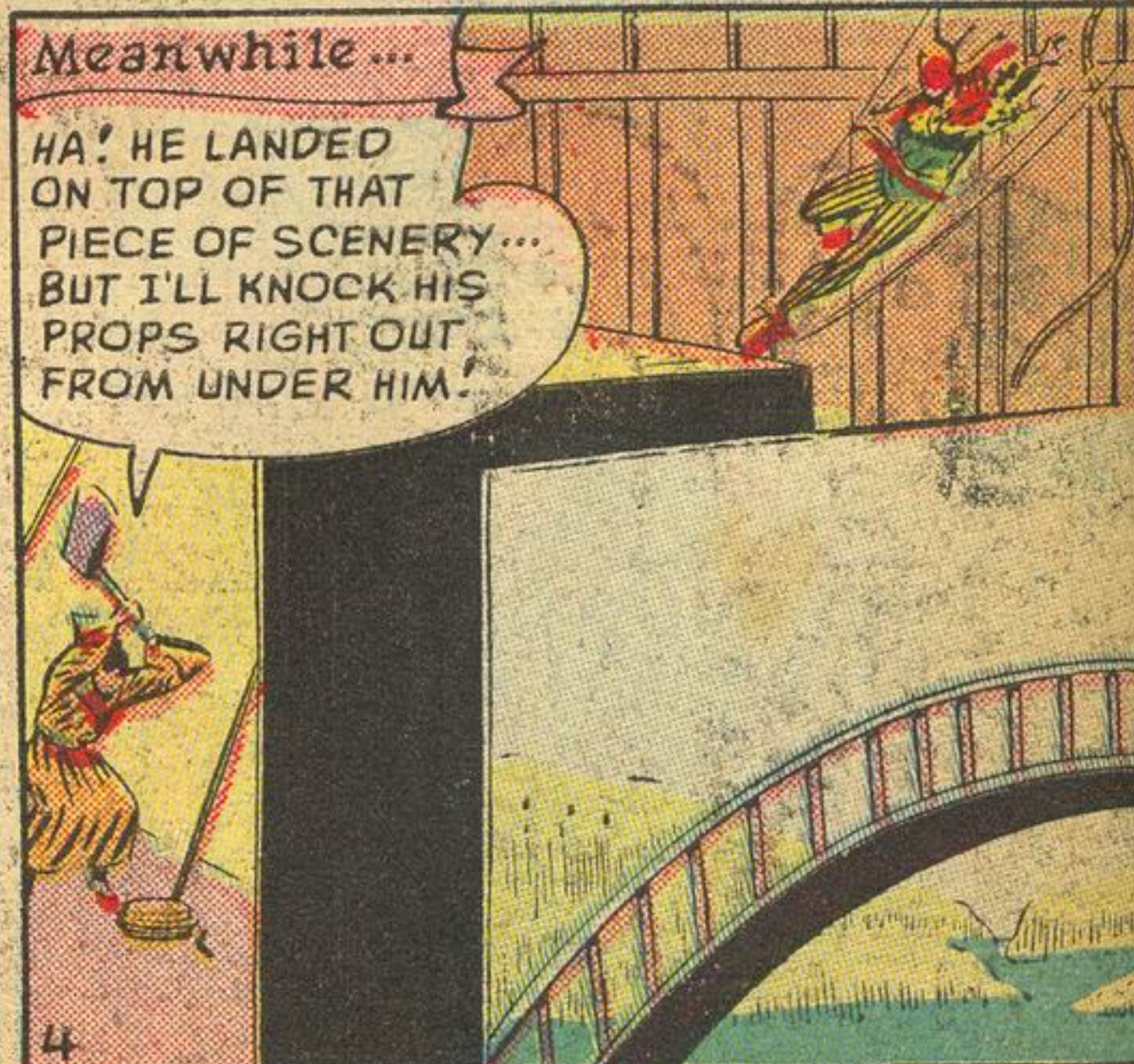
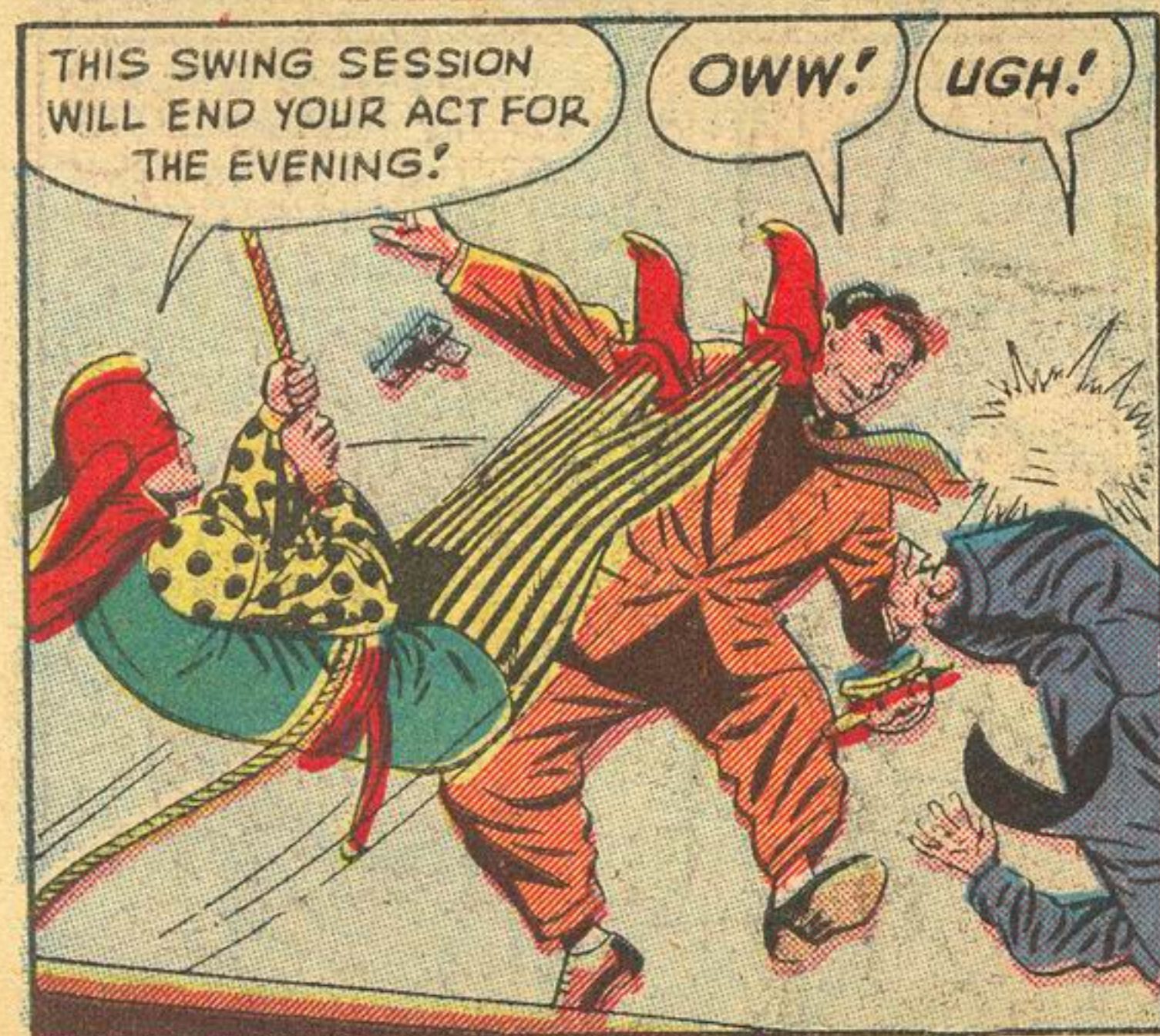
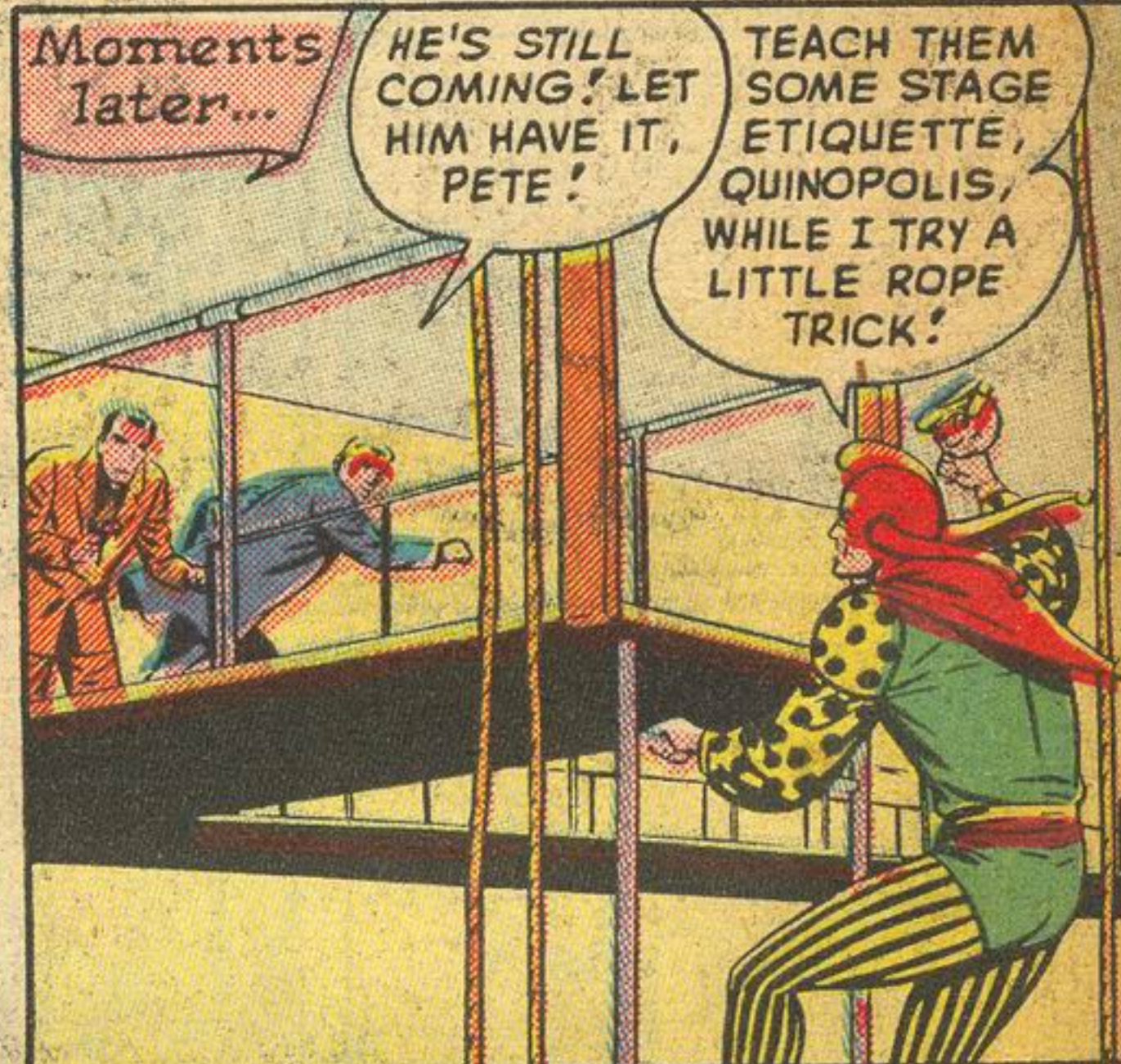
THANKS FOR THE ANTIDOTE, DOC... I FEEL BETTER NOW! OH, HELLO, JESTER! GLAD YOU'RE AROUND!

TROUBLE, MCGINTY?

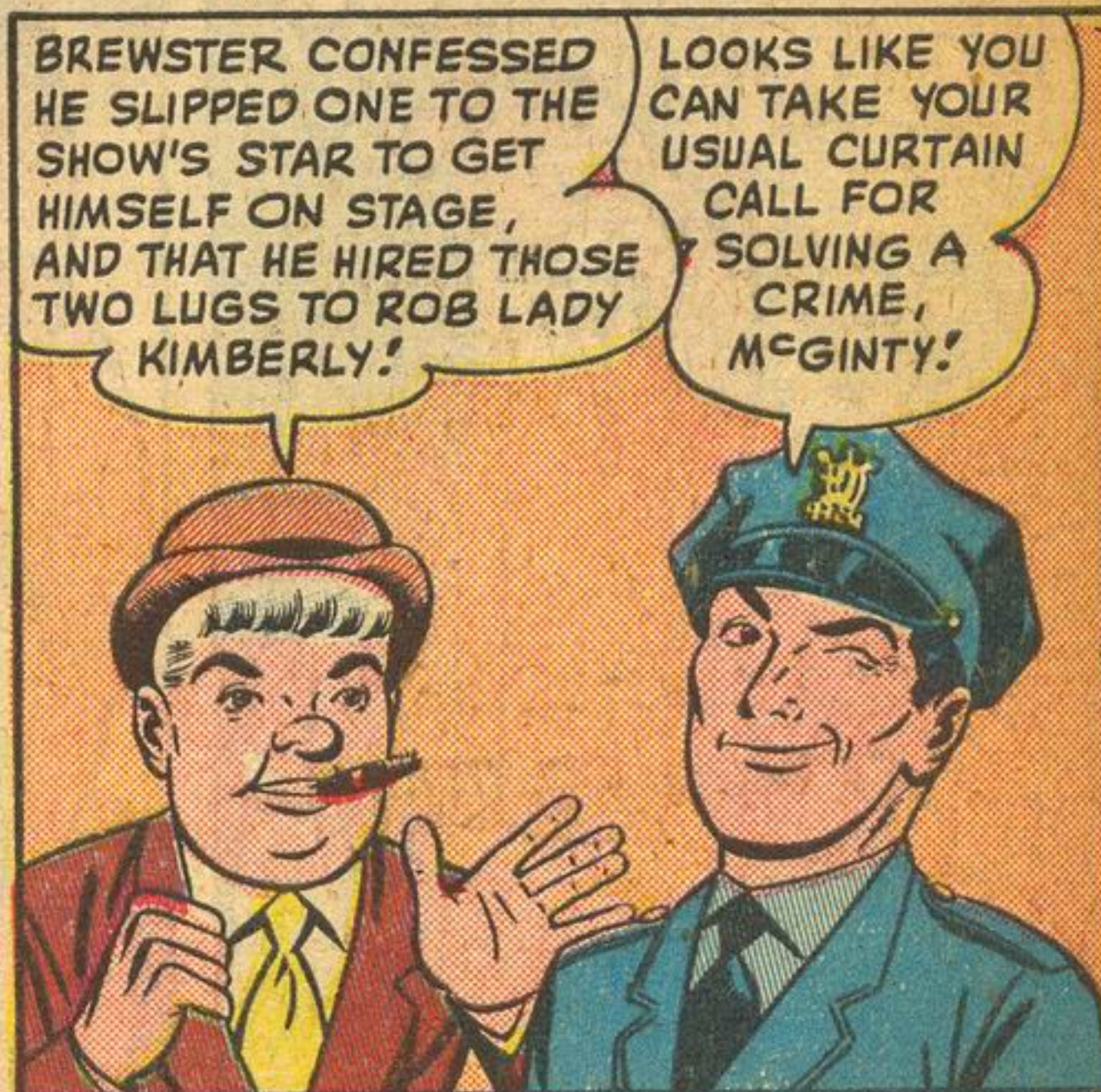
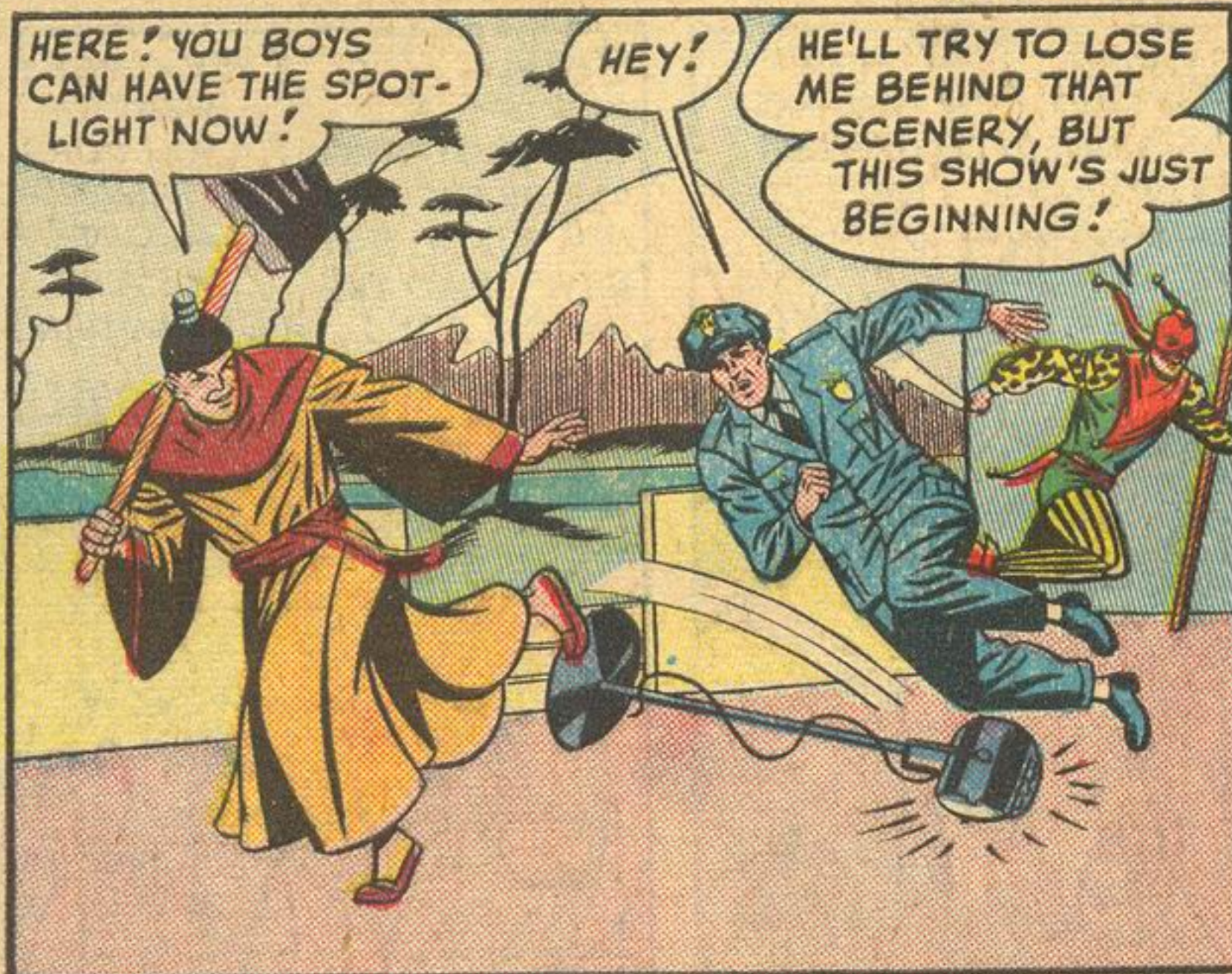


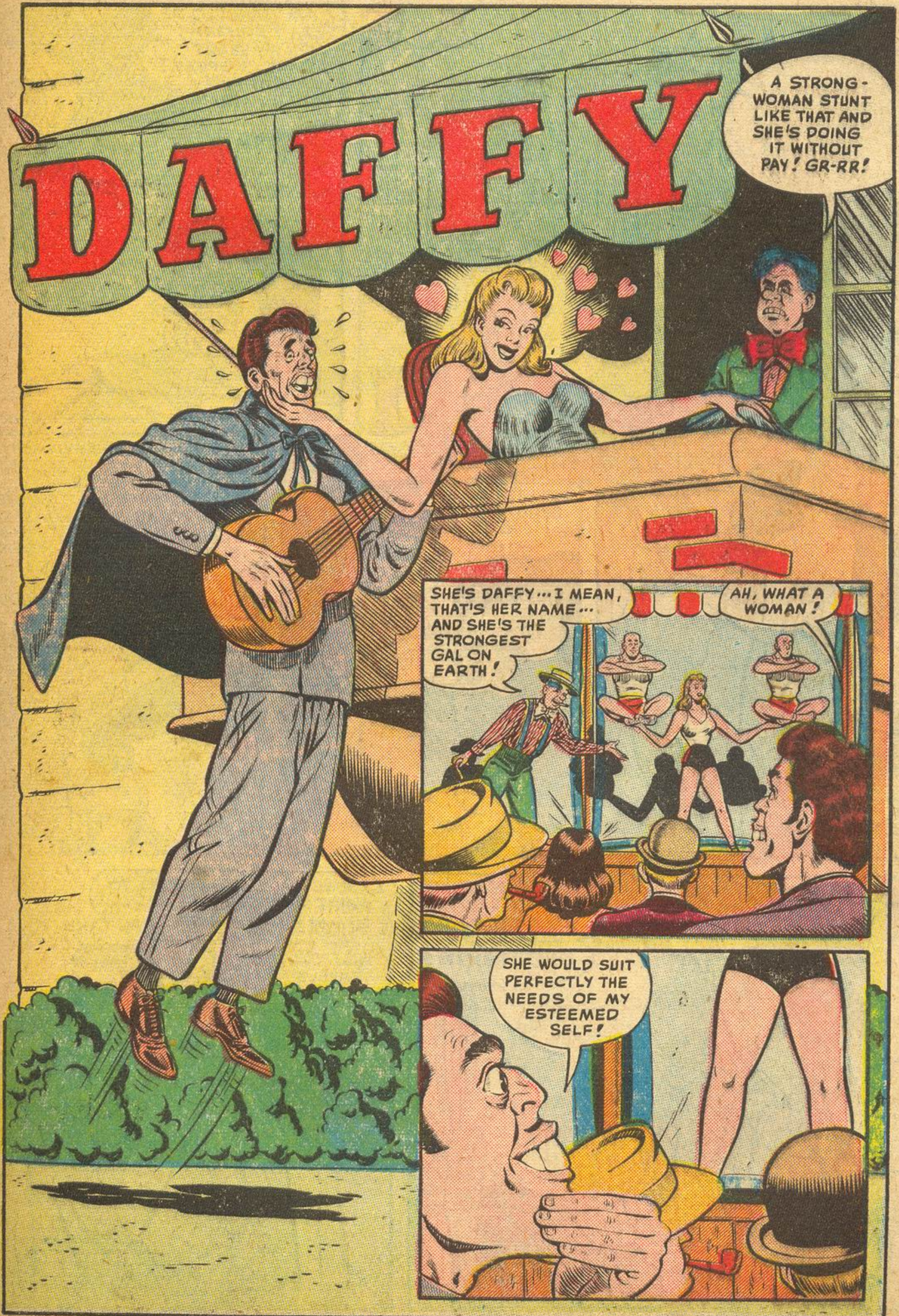
YEAH! I GOT SICK SOON AFTER I ATE A THROAT LOZENGE KEITH BREWSTER GAVE ME!

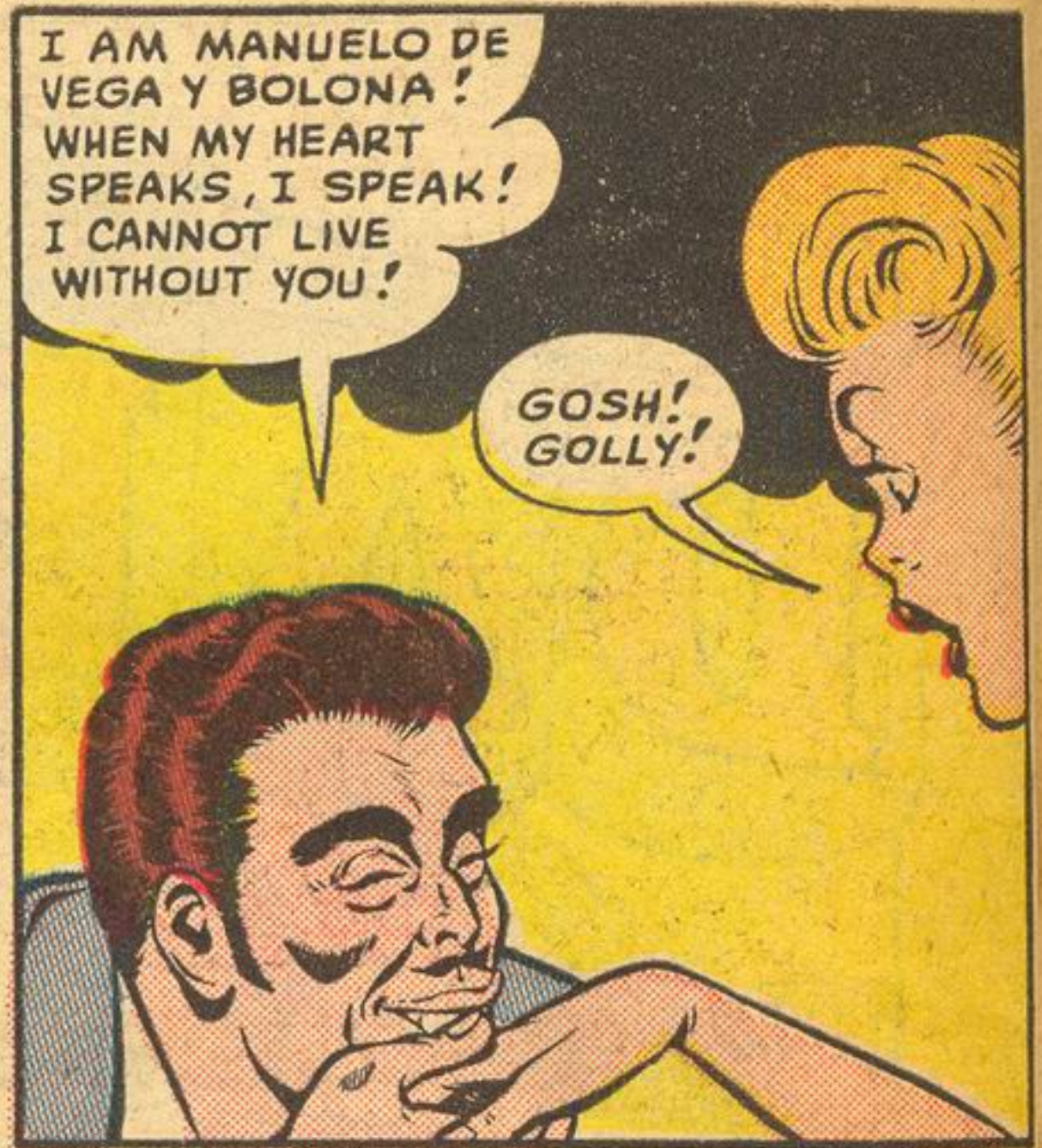
BREWSTER, EH? I HEARD HE'S THE REPLACEMENT FOR THE STAR IN TONIGHT'S SHOW!











Later

I'M HUNGRY, DEKE!
I'M GOING INTO
THE DINING CAR!

SURE, DAFFY!
I'LL JOIN YOU
AS SOON AS I
FINISH FIGURING
OUT OUR ROAD
SCHEDULE!

And in another car...

IT IS HE...
MANUELO
DE VEGA
Y BOLONA!

I KILL HIM
THIS INSTANT!



I HAVE A
FEELING
THAT
DANGER
LURKS!



GRAWK!
IT LURKS
INDEED!



BUT MANUELO NEED NOT WAIT
FOR IT TO DO MORE THAN THAT!



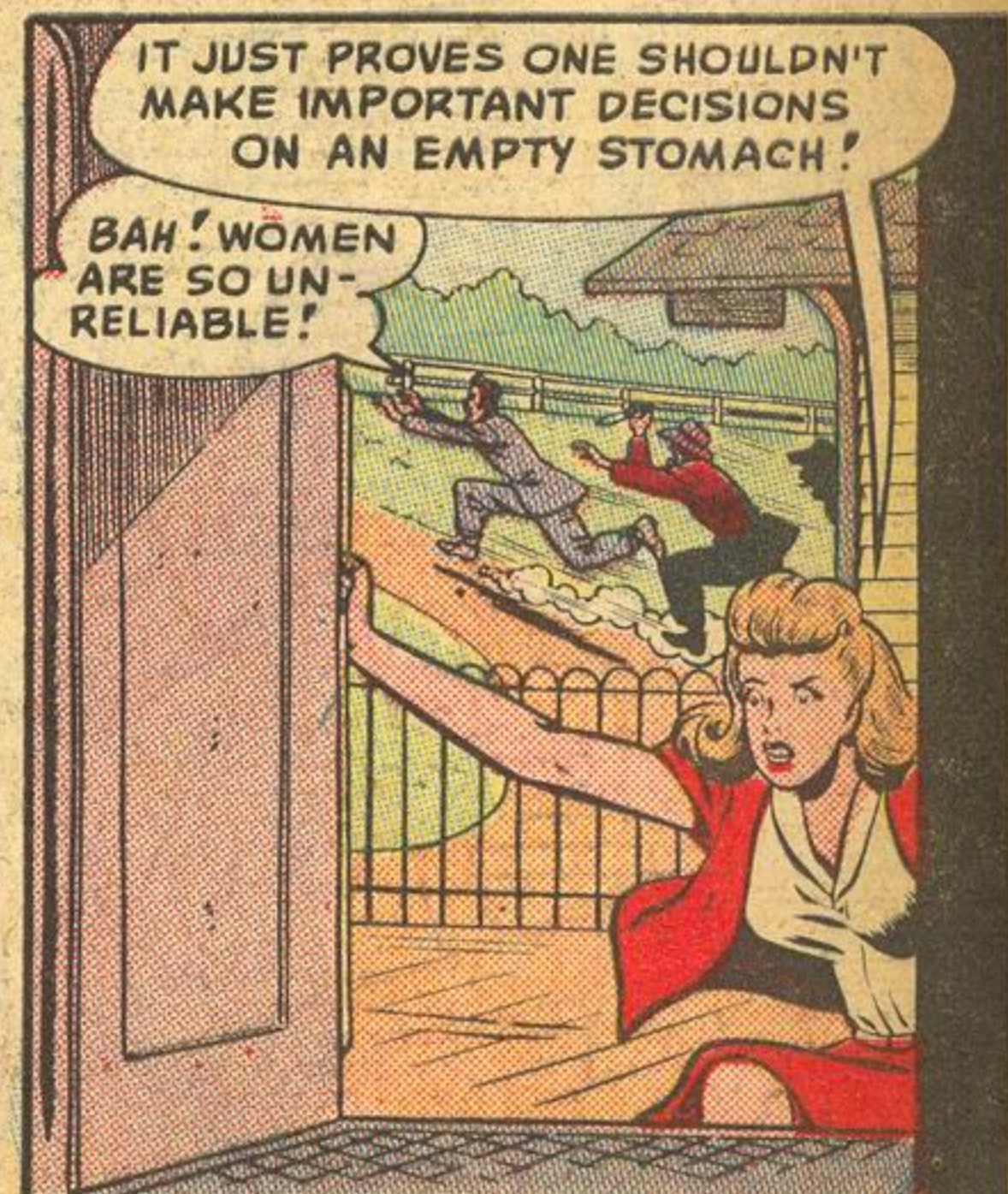
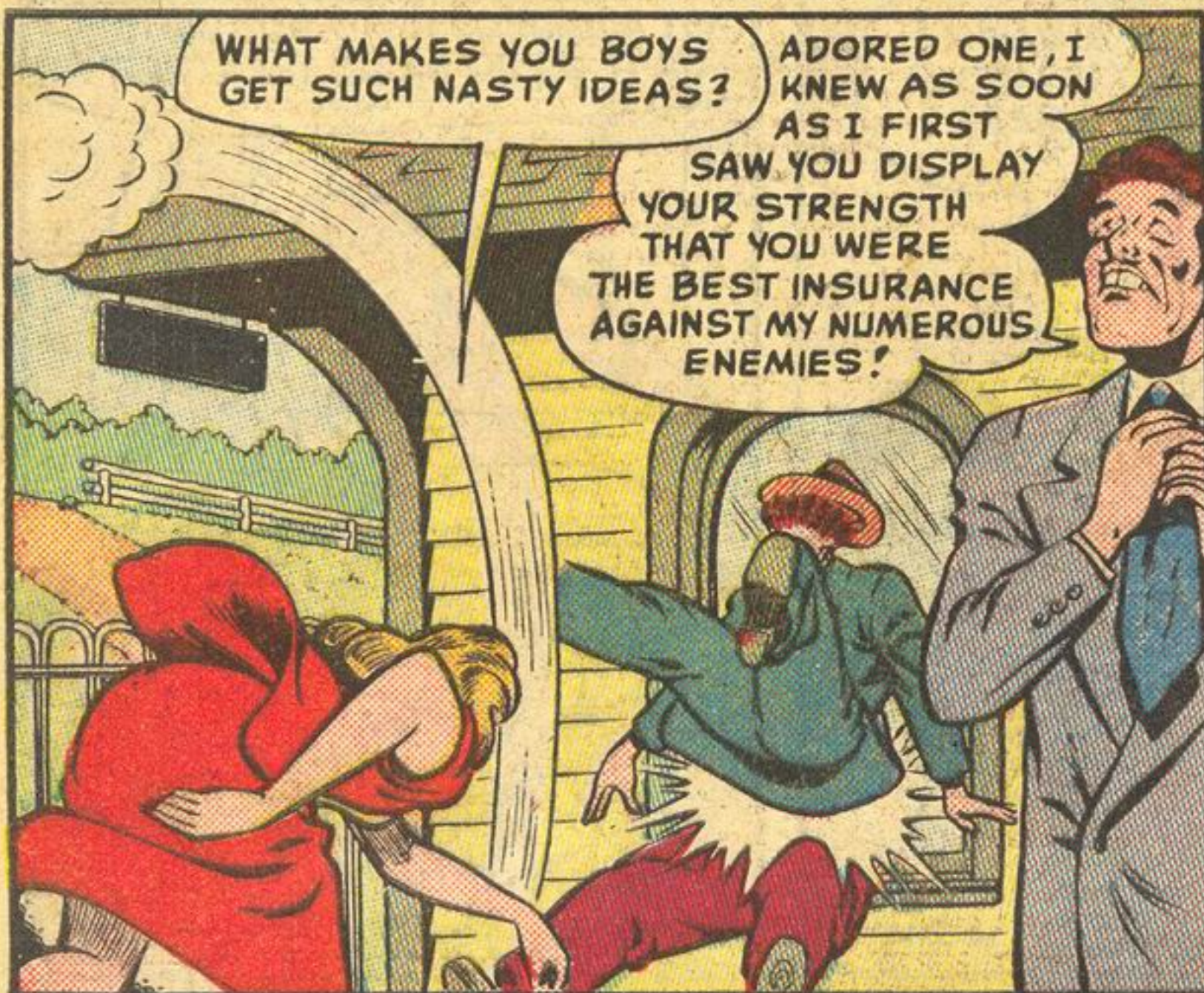
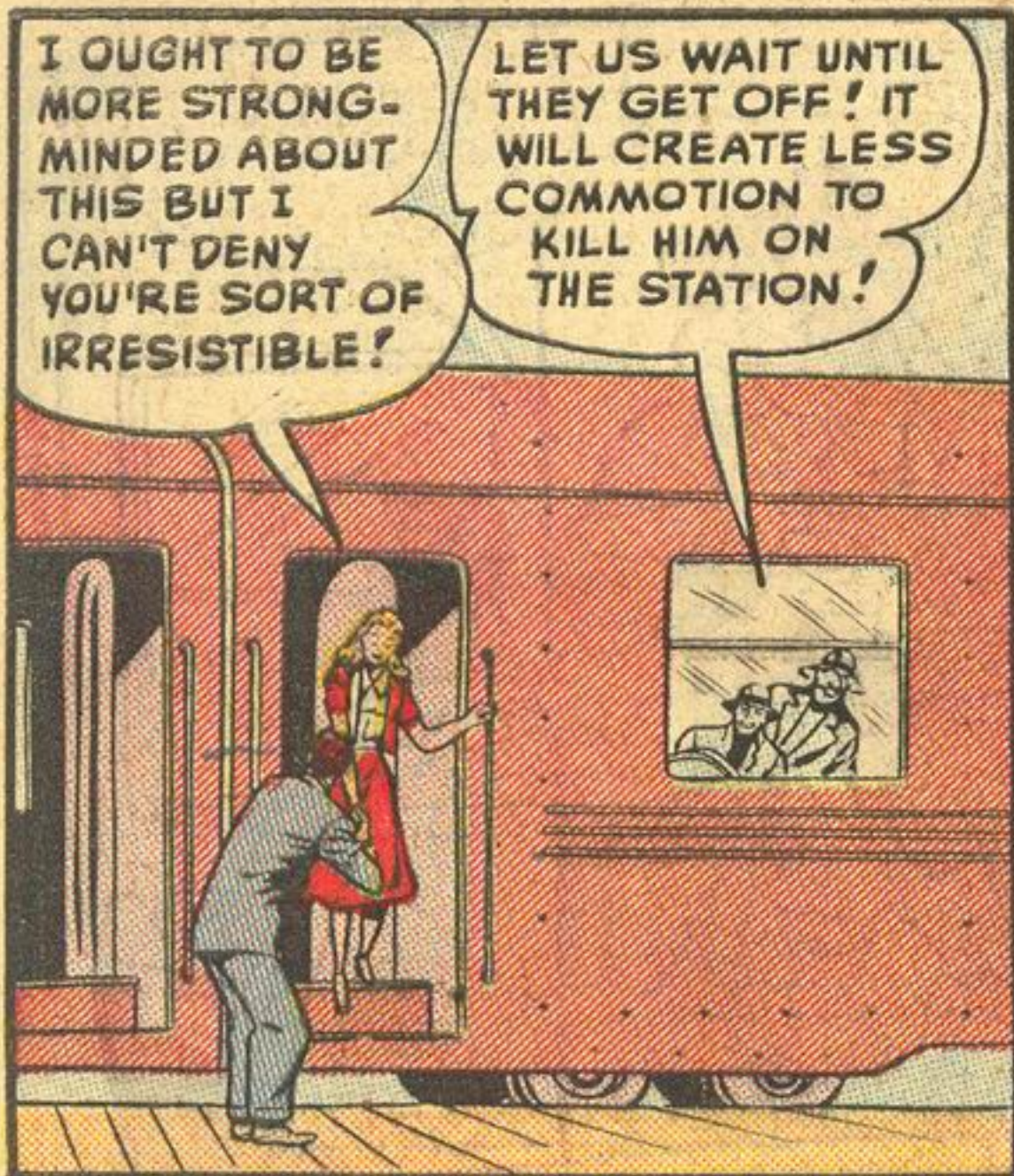
THE LADY OF GREAT STRENGTH!
DESTINY IS GIVING MANUELO
ANOTHER CHANCE!



YOU...
AGAIN?

DID YOU THINK I WOULD GIVE UP
WITHOUT PURSUING YOU TO THE ENDS
OF THE EARTH? DO NOT HESITATE,
O BEAUTIFUL ONE! THE TRAIN IS
SLOWING TO A
STOP! LET US
FLEE TO
HAPPINESS!

SMASH COMICS



BOYS!
Jim Prentice now brings you
THE AMAZING
NEW 1950

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IT'S ONE SWELL GAME!
 I PLAY IT WITH MY BOY...
 WE GET A GREAT KICK
 OUT OF IT!

IT'S A
 HIT!

NEVER BEFORE
 HAVE I SEEN A GAME
 THAT GIVES YOU THE FEEL
 OF ACTUAL BALL

STEEL BALL ZIPS
 THROUGH SLOT

ELECTRIC LIGHTS
 FLASH THE PLAYS

BATTER TRIES
 TO NAIL THE PITCH

DOUBLE LIGHT
 -HOME RUN

UMPIRE CALLS STRIKES,
 BALLS-DECIDES CLOSE PLAYS

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| ☐ Basketball, Elec. | \$3. | ☐ Football, Super El. | \$10. |
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*Super Electric Games, size 22" x 14" x 2", wood frames with transformer and plug in cord for AC house current. Price \$10.00 postpaid.

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FOCUSING ON
THE FIREBUG



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM AN ALL-DAY BIKE-HIKE WHEN SUDDENLY...

LOOK! FIRE IN THE WAREHOUSE! AND THAT MAN...

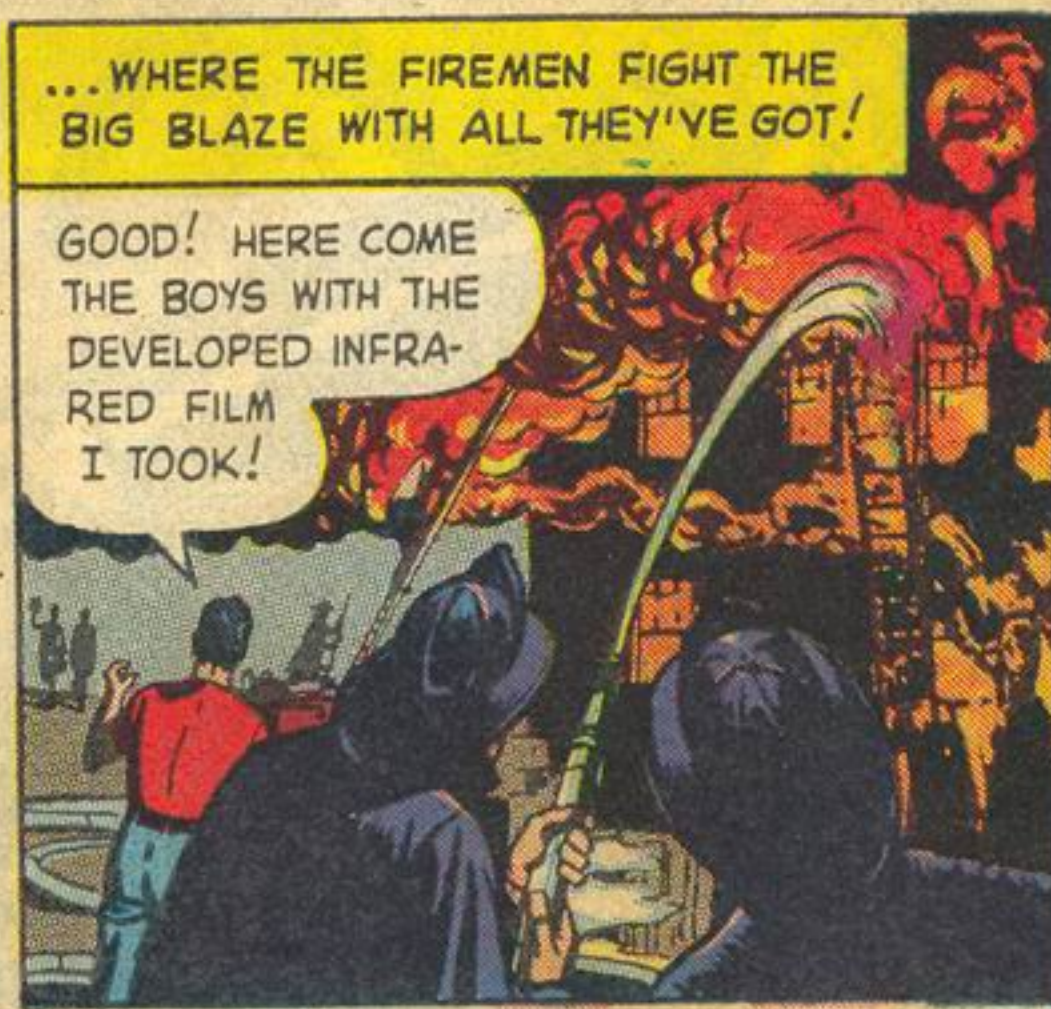
...MUST BE THE MYSTERY FIREBUG THE POLICE ARE AFTER!



...MAYBE THE PICTURE I TOOK WILL CLEAR UP SOME OF THE MYSTERY! GET THIS FILM DEVELOPED, FELLAS, WHILE I JET OVER TO THE FIRE-STATION FOR HELP!



WITH ALL-OUT JET SPEED, U.S. ROYAL-- LEADING THE FIRE-TRUCK-- IS SOON ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE BURNING WAREHOUSE...



...WHERE THE FIREMEN FIGHT THE BIG BLAZE WITH ALL THEY'VE GOT!

GOOD! HERE COME THE BOYS WITH THE DEVELOPED INFRARED FILM I TOOK!



WELL, THE FIRE'S OUT... THE WAREHOUSE IS SAVED... BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO THE FIREBUG IS...

NO, BUT THIS WILL SHOW US WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE... THE REST OUGHT TO BE EASY!



THE NEXT DAY, THE FIREBUG IS BROUGHT IN, MAKES A FULL CONFESSION WHEN HE SEES THE PICTURE OF HIMSELF IN ACTION!

...IN APPRECIATION FOR A LITTLE FAST LENSWORK... PLUS A LOT OF FAST FOOTWORK!

PLUS OUR U.S. ROYALS!



FELLAS, WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES-- WITH THAT SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



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